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Back cover, Nikopol, by **Enki Bilal**

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EDITORIAL

Photography by Dean Chamberlain

With life on the spaceship earth coming an eventuality, awareness of ecology — in every sense — is a necessity. Psychological ecology is part of making an environment thoroughly pleasing and effective for the human organism, not only to maintain it but so that it may also thrive. So what's this all about? Visual ecology.

What? Another buzzword. Not jargon, yes, but instructive to think of it in its construction. Visual equals nonverbal, intuitive, and nonlinear.

Ecology — as in the totality or patterns of relationships between organisms in their environment, whatever that environment happens to be. A balancing and an interaction between organisms and inorganic elements of the environment are symbolized here — the balance between good and evil, light and dark, hard and soft. All the seeming dichotomies are intricately interconnected as two sides of the same coin. Ugliness is as compelling and fascinating as something of beauty. In *Heavy Metal* as well as in the crop of new slibberror/Kung Fu samurai films, the scenes of choreographed violence or of a character in its death throes are both a ballet and a stylish display of wonder. The grotesque vies with the beautiful for attention. The act of horror forms a sentence — a statement in language possessing its own form and meaning as special and distinct as a beheaded rose.

The intent of visual ecology, where every element within the environment clearly supports information, whatever its nature, in a conscious — not random — form. Theoretically, a way of saying something in shorthand, an immediate information register, replete with its own vocabulary and grammar. Fashion as a language system. *Heavy Metal* — panel strip art — as a language system, and so on. A way of hacking into a totality of ecology.

In England they understand all this intuitively, as they have transformed dressing into a total statement on life at the present, a surface status report — without taking expertise either. Whether it be as Teddy Boy, Punk, or Rastafarian, they transform the act of wearing clothes into a political/cultural id. Whether this is a self-conscious gesture, like that of Adam and the Ants, or simply like that of the ratfish Psychedelic Fur Richard Butler putting on his thinly-rib frills in accentuate his crusade on the edge as the French connection, these acts speak in several languages at once.

Visual ecology is a revolt against the tacky-tacky, the act of not taking for granted what our eyes are here for and what our brain is capable of perceiving. If not so all-body, televised postliterate state of grace means anything, it means transcending the new bubble we're blessed with. Be they those of punk attire or *Heavy Metal*, these are new languages to be learned. As school kids, we labored over foreign texts, and now, as the times demand, we assimilate new levels of information and we learn to process them at once. The greater we get to that total move into space, the greater the responsibility of the information. Understanding visual ecology is part of our training.

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Chain Mail

Dear Ed:

Who—or what—is Brad Balfour? I don't think he exists in the same universe as the rest of us. His so-called harsh review of science fiction by women is ludicrous; he stoops to new lows by lambasting books he admits he hasn't even read. As the professional editor of over a decade of science fiction (works by Jacqueline Lichtenberg, Jean Lorrah, Joan Winston, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Ardath Mayhar, Joyce Carr, Alice Laurence, Suzette Haden Elgin, and Octavia Butler), and as a reader of twenty-five years of science fiction (including Joanna Russ, Andre Norton, Ursula Le Guin, Suzy McKee Charnas, Elizabeth Lynn, Joan Vinge, Vonda McIntyre, Tanith Lee, C. J. Cherryh, and others too numerous to list), I feel Mr. Balfour does all of us a disservice. Too bad he's ashamed of this kind of sf. I am proud of it.

Sharon Jarvis
NYC, N.Y.

Dear All:

Loved the Burroughs article on immortality. That man is the greatest prose stylist since Joyce. I was less impressed with the Ellison piece. His rhetoric always reminds me of the kind of speech that traditionally ends up, "And let's get a rope and string the bastards up right now." Doesn't he ever stop hating everybody and anybody in sight? Oh, well, that's his shtick, I guess: different maps for different chaps, different scenes for different genres, different lanes for different brains.

Live long and prosper,
Robert Anton Wilson
Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Editors:

It might amuse you to know that when I opened the new issue of *Heavy Metal* in Jumpin' Joe's Tavern down here in Bucks, it created quite a sensation with our local heavers and laborers and also our charming barmaid, Barbara, who weighs 300 pounds approx.

Of course I'm a fossil comic-book writer from the ancient days of Green Lantern and Captain Marvel, and when I visit old colleagues at DC they point out that the art has passed me by and, good as I was, I could never write comics today. They're quite right, but I can still appreciate your beautiful production and magnificent artwork. I was particularly captivated by Enki Bilal's "The Immortals' Fete," and if my publisher weren't already committed to an artist to illustrate my new novel I'd make a powerful pitch for M. Bilal. Our imaginations seem to run in parallel.

Again, congratulations to you, your staff, and your contributors on a breathtaking creation. Best of all, you're not afraid to produce an elite magazine, which, in these days of TV-generated L.C.D., gives me hope.

Alfred Bester
Ottsville, Pa.

Embarrassing moment #52[8:

Our sincere apologies to George Ungar! George did three illustrations on page 54 and 55 of the August issue (in the *HM* movie segment). Seems that we credited them to Leni Lloyd by mistake. We beg pardon of both artists involved.

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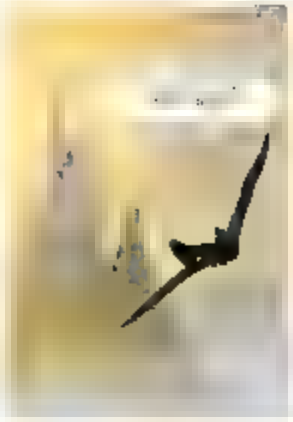
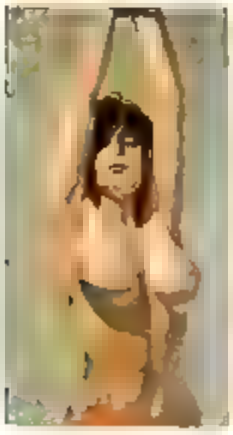
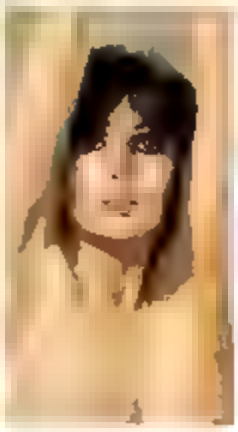
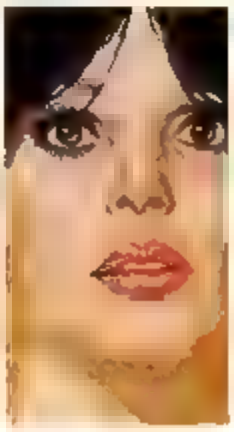
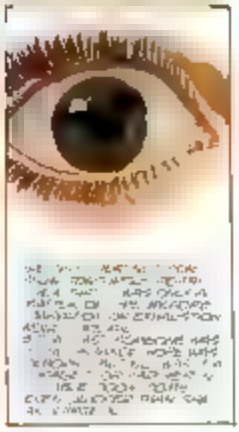
THE MERCENARY

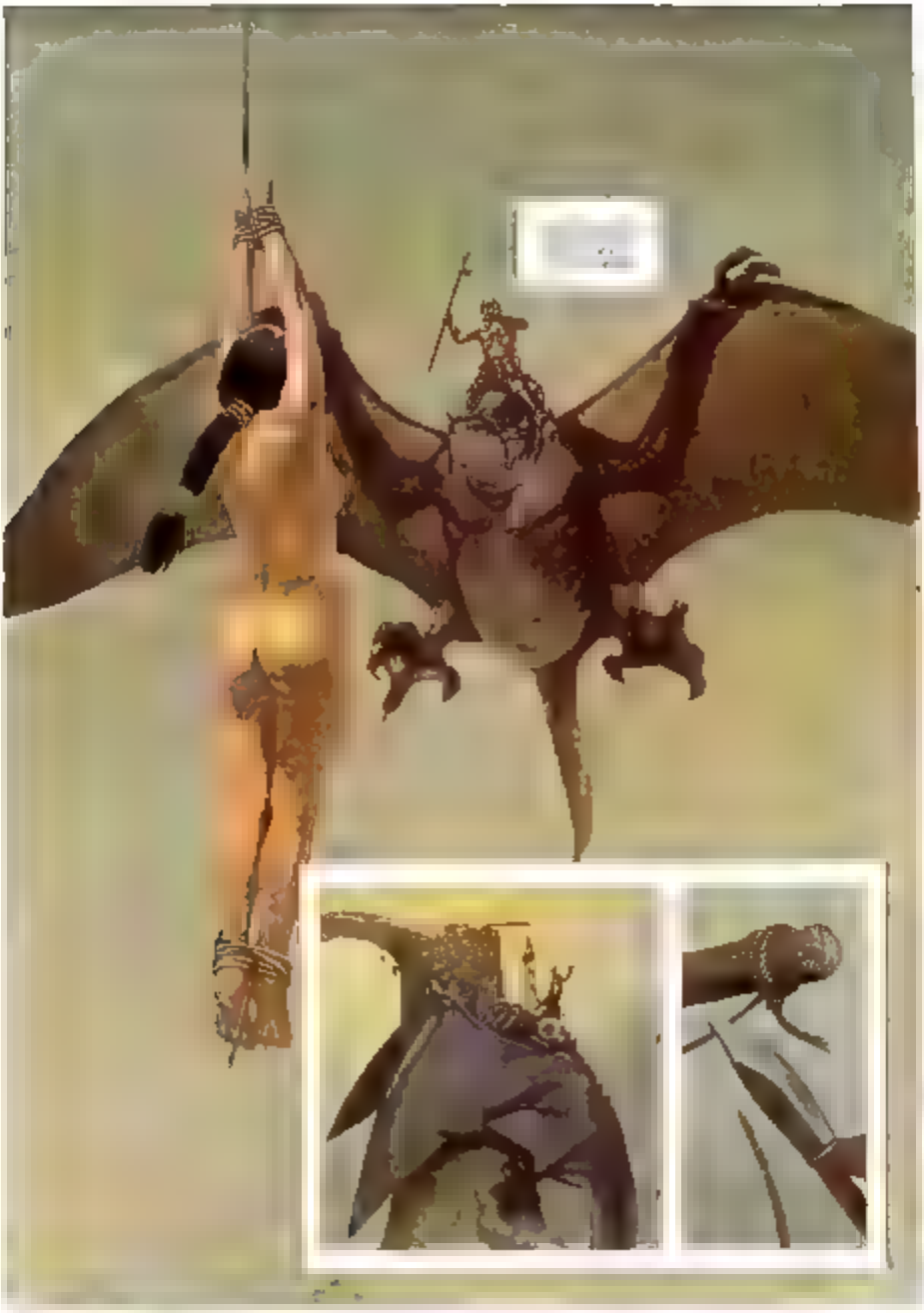


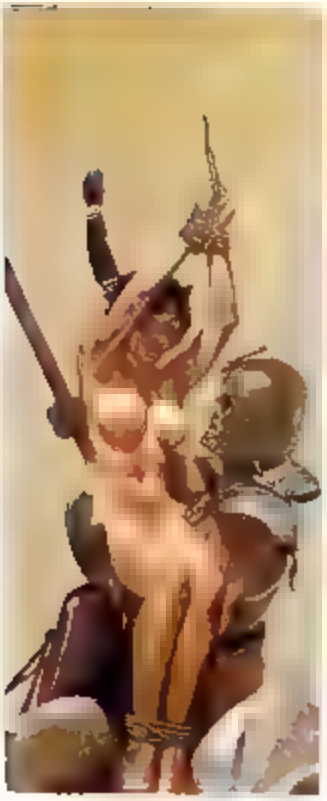


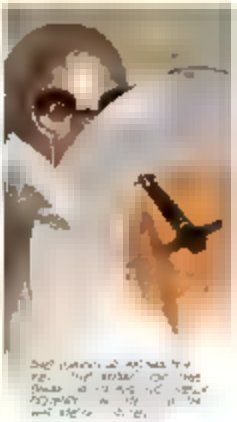


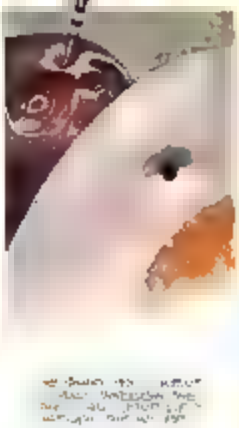












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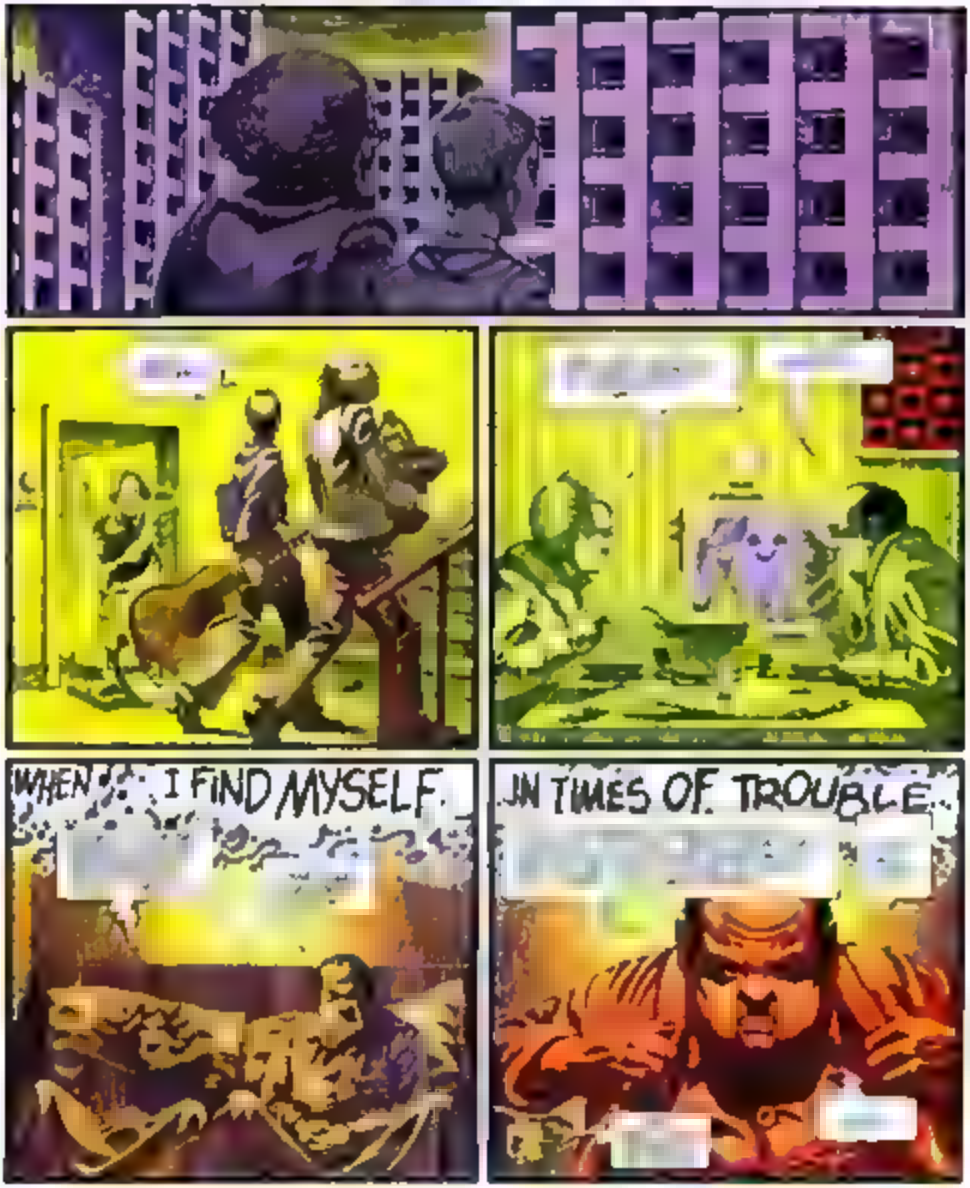
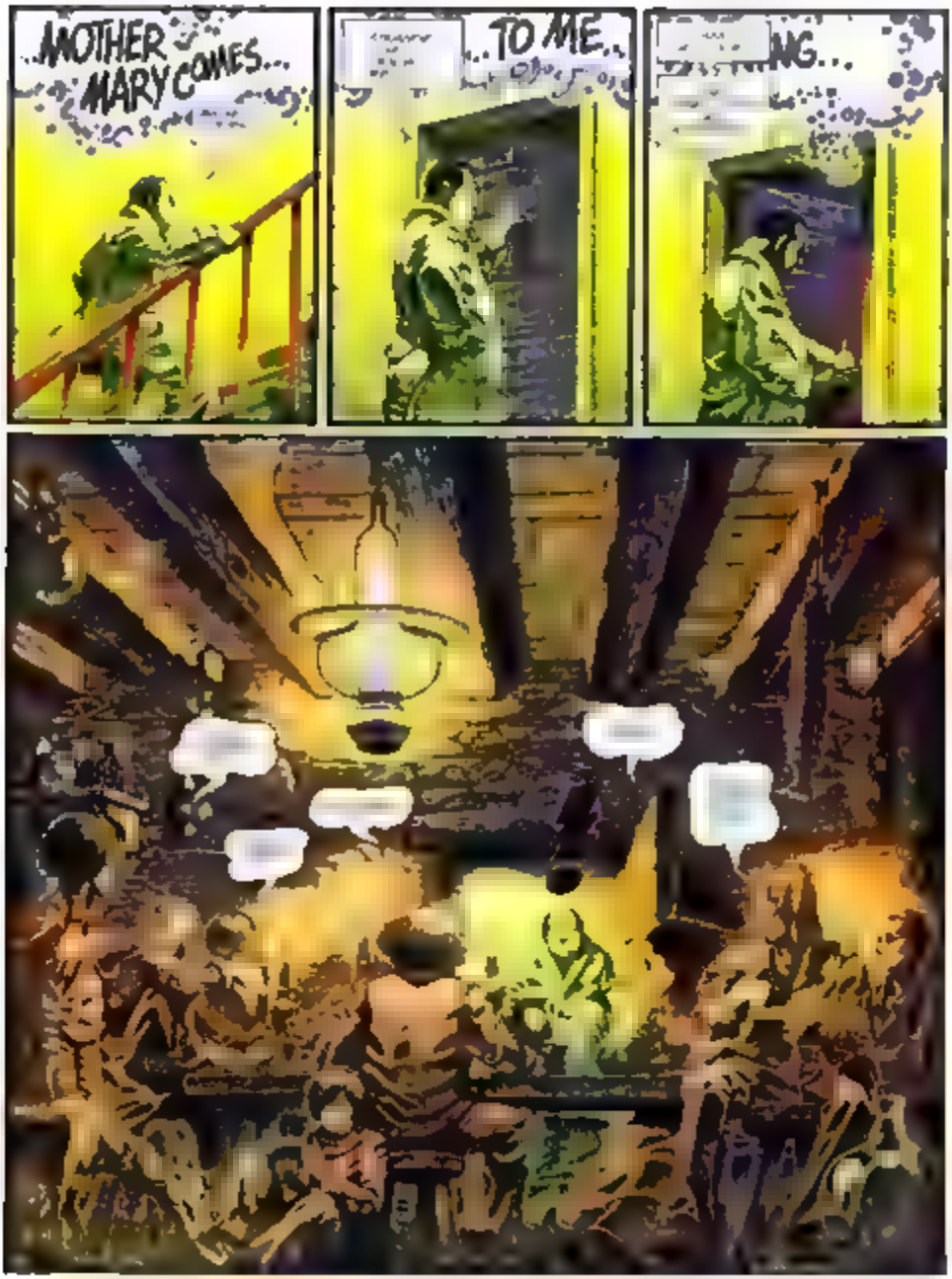
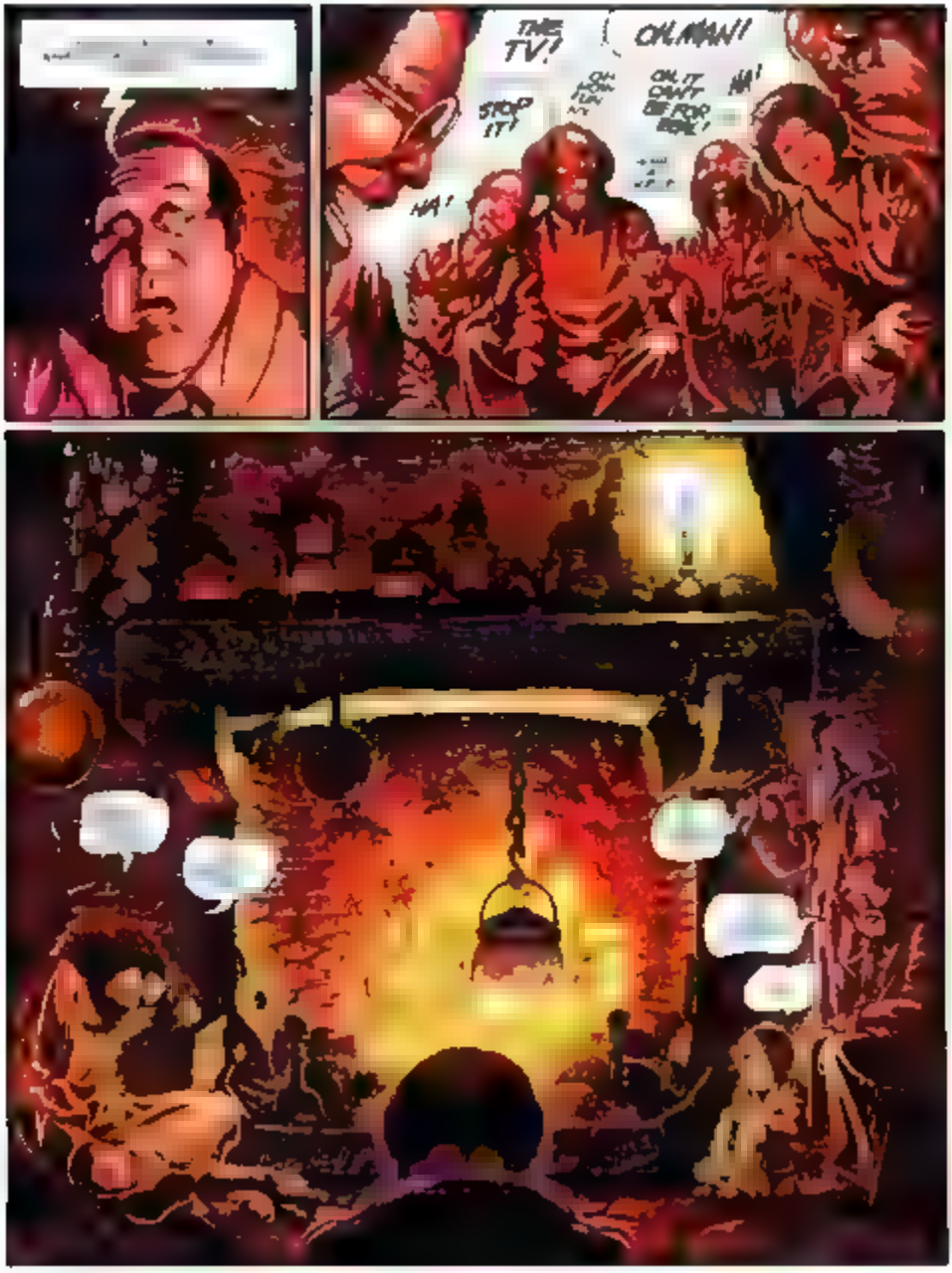
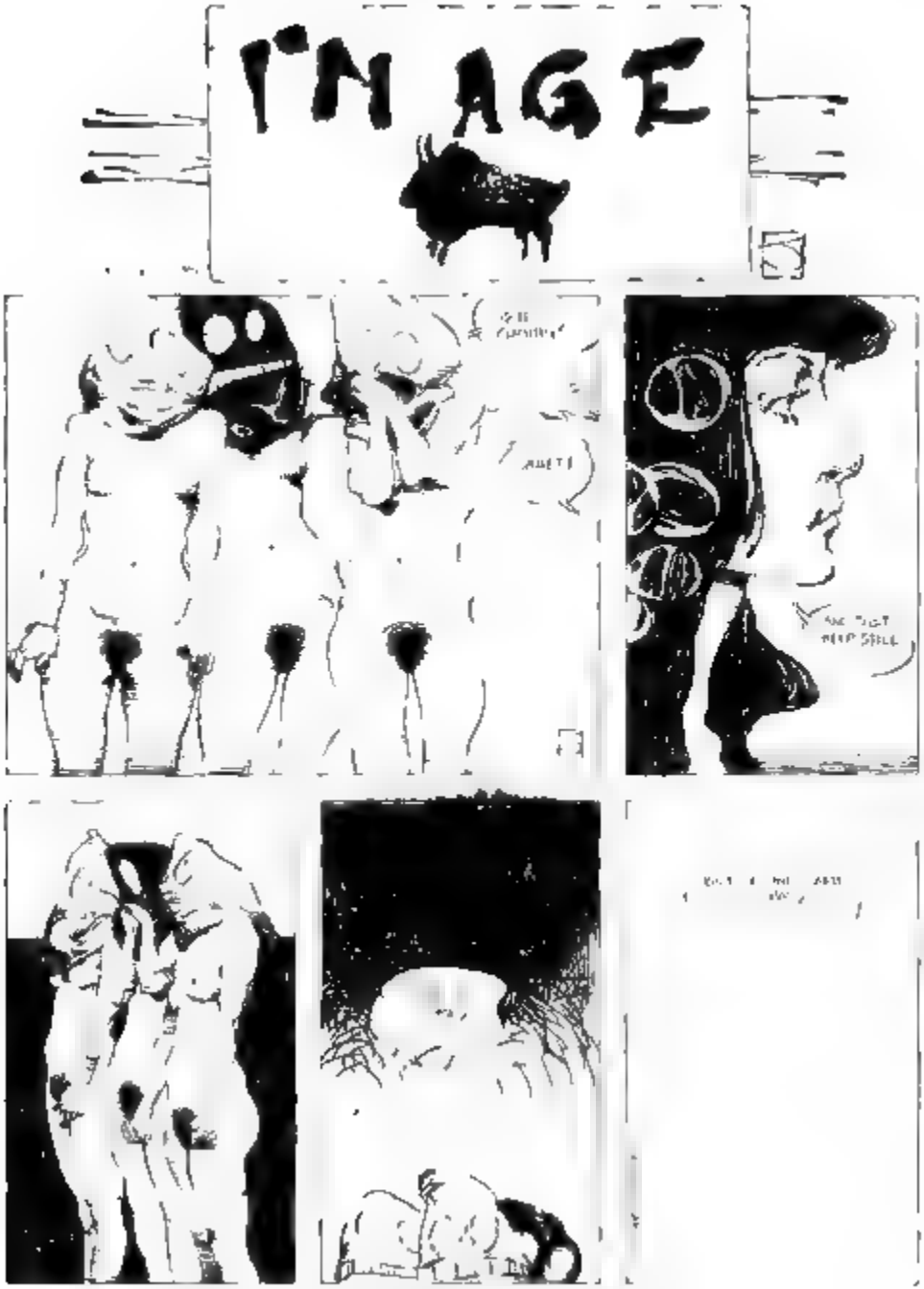



..MOTHER MARY COMES...
..TO ME..
..NG...


THE TV!
OH,MAN!
STOP IT!
OH, IT CAN'T BE FOR REAL!
HA!
HA!

EVERYTHING ELSE!

~K-
RUNCH~
WHOOEL!
DOINGS?
HELP!


I'M AGE

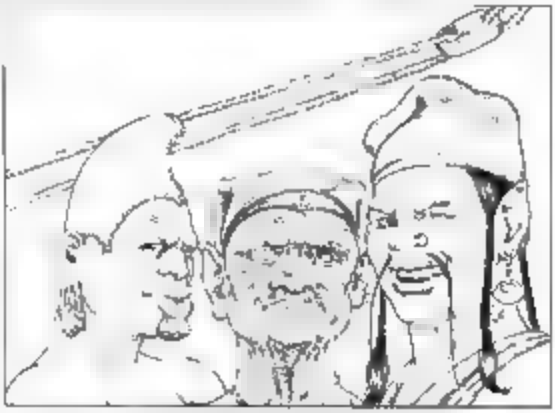
NL-GI-SH

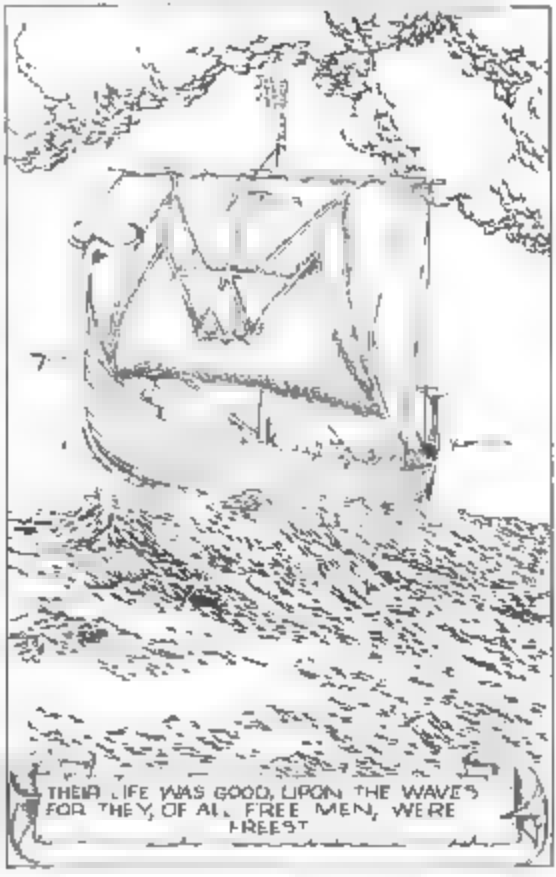
Nil Gish

THERE WAS NIL GISH A SIMPLE WOODLAND SPIRIT WHO DWELT ALONE IN PRIMEVAL FORESTS. HIS DAYS WERE PASSED IN ENDLESS PURSUIT OF SURVIVAL AND A RESTLESS QUEST FOR THINGS ELUSIVE INDEFINABLE

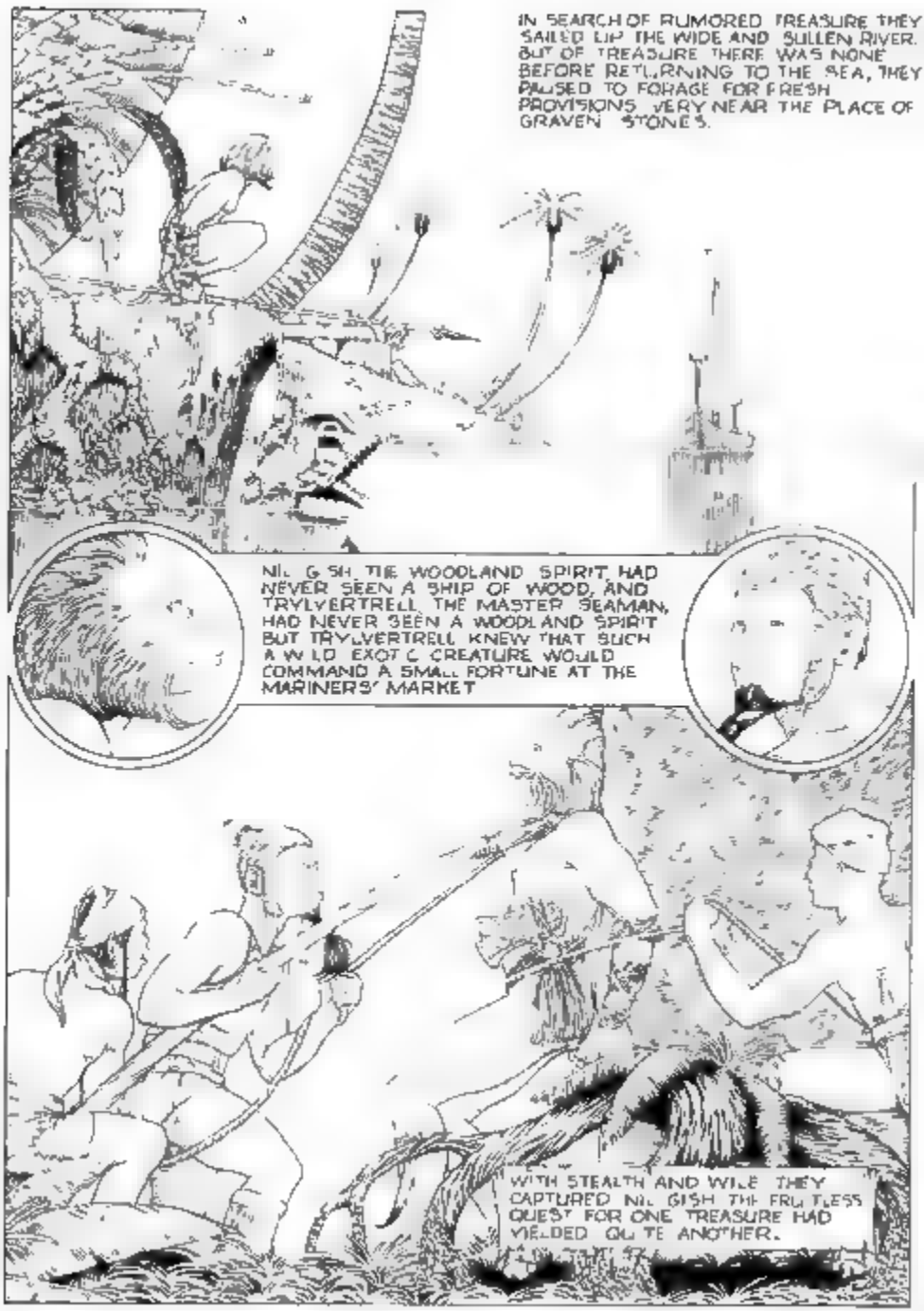
THERE WAS [illegible] PLACE OF GRAVEN [illegible] MUST AND [illegible] IN THE PLAIN NEAR THE WIDE WATERS. HERE, IT SEEMED, RESIDED GREAT SECRETS AND PROFOUND WISDOMS JUST BEYOND THE THRESHOLD OF AWARENESS. TO THIS PLACE OF VAGUE DISQUIET NIL GISH WAS DRAWN EVER AND ALWAYS [illegible] MEANING. EVEN WITH THE STRANGE FORESIGHTING [illegible] HE WOULD RETURN AGAIN AND AGAIN, FOR WITH EACH VISIT SEEMED REVELATION OF THE DEEPEST SECRETS WAS JUST WITHIN [illegible]

THERE WAS TRYAVER [illegible], THE MASTER SEAMAN, WHO SAILED THE SEAS IN A STURDY WOODEN SHIP WITH HIS CREW OF LUSTY SAILORS. THEY ROVED THE WORLD, FREE MEN ALL, FOR TREASURE, PLUNDER, AND ADVENTURE

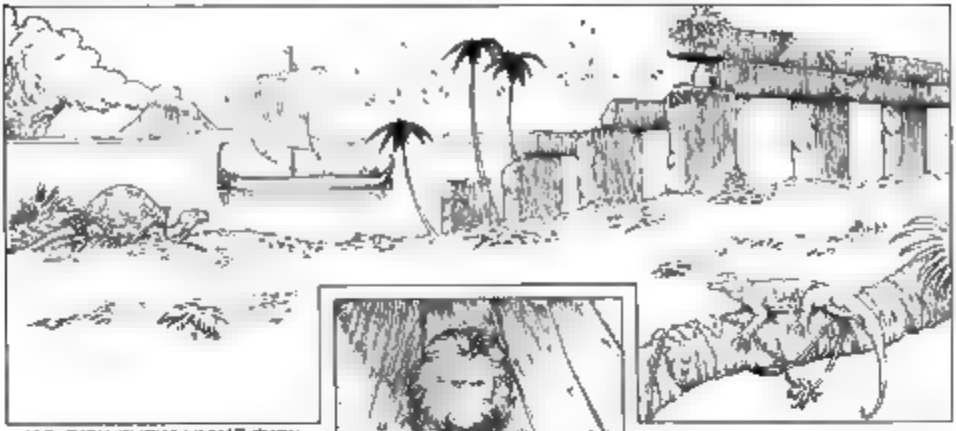




THEIR LIFE WAS GOOD, UPON THE WAVES
FOR THEY, OF ALL FREE MEN, WERE
FREEST

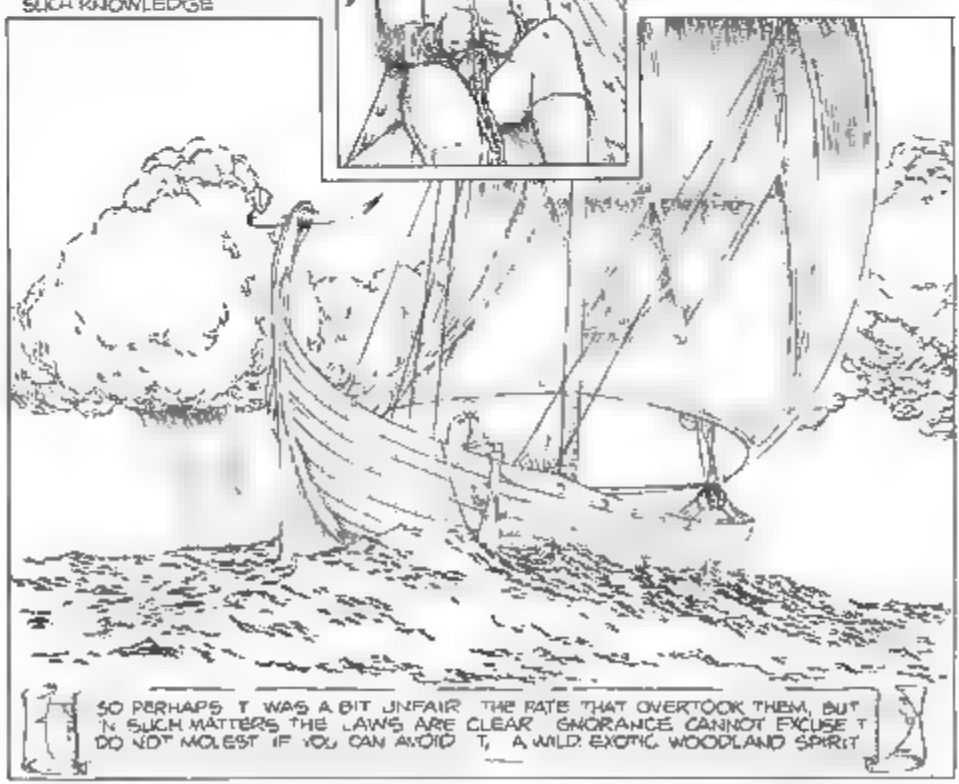

IN SEARCH OF RUMORED TREASURE THEY SAILED UP THE WIDE AND SULLEN RIVER. BUT OF TREASURE THERE WAS NONE. BEFORE RETURNING TO THE SEA, THEY PAUSED TO FORAGE FOR FRESH PROVISIONS VERY NEAR THE PLACE OF GRAVEN STONES.
NIL GISH THE WOODLAND SPIRIT HAD NEVER SEEN A SHIP OF WOOD, AND TRYLVERTRELL THE MASTER SEAMAN, HAD NEVER SEEN A WOODLAND SPIRIT BUT TRYLVERTRELL KNEW THAT SUCH A WILD EXOTIC CREATURE WOULD COMMAND A SMALL FORTUNE AT THE MARINERS' MARKET
WITH STEALTH AND WILE THEY CAPTURED NIL GISH. THE FRUITLESS QUEST FOR ONE TREASURE HAD YIELDED QUITE ANOTHER.

THEY SET SAIL FOR THE OPEN SEA, SPIRITS HIGH THAT ONCE WERE FLAGGING. THEY HAD NO NEED FOR PRECIOUS METALS AND PRICELESS GEMS WITH SUCH AS THEY NOW CARRIED.



HAD THEY KNOWN WHAT THEY WERE DOING, THEY SURELY WOULD NOT HAVE DONE IT BUT THEY COULD NOT KNOW, FOR IN THOSE DAYS THERE WAS NO SUCH KNOWLEDGE.

THEY COULD NOT KNOW IT WAS UNWISE TO STEAL A WOODLAND SPIRIT, NOR EVEN THAT THEY HAD DONE SO.



SO PERHAPS IT WAS A BIT UNFAIR THE FATE THAT OVERTOOK THEM, BUT IN SUCH MATTERS THE LAWS ARE CLEAR. IGNORANCE CANNOT EXCUSE IT. DO NOT MOLEST IF YOU CAN AVOID IT, A WILD EXOTIC WOODLAND SPIRIT.

THE END

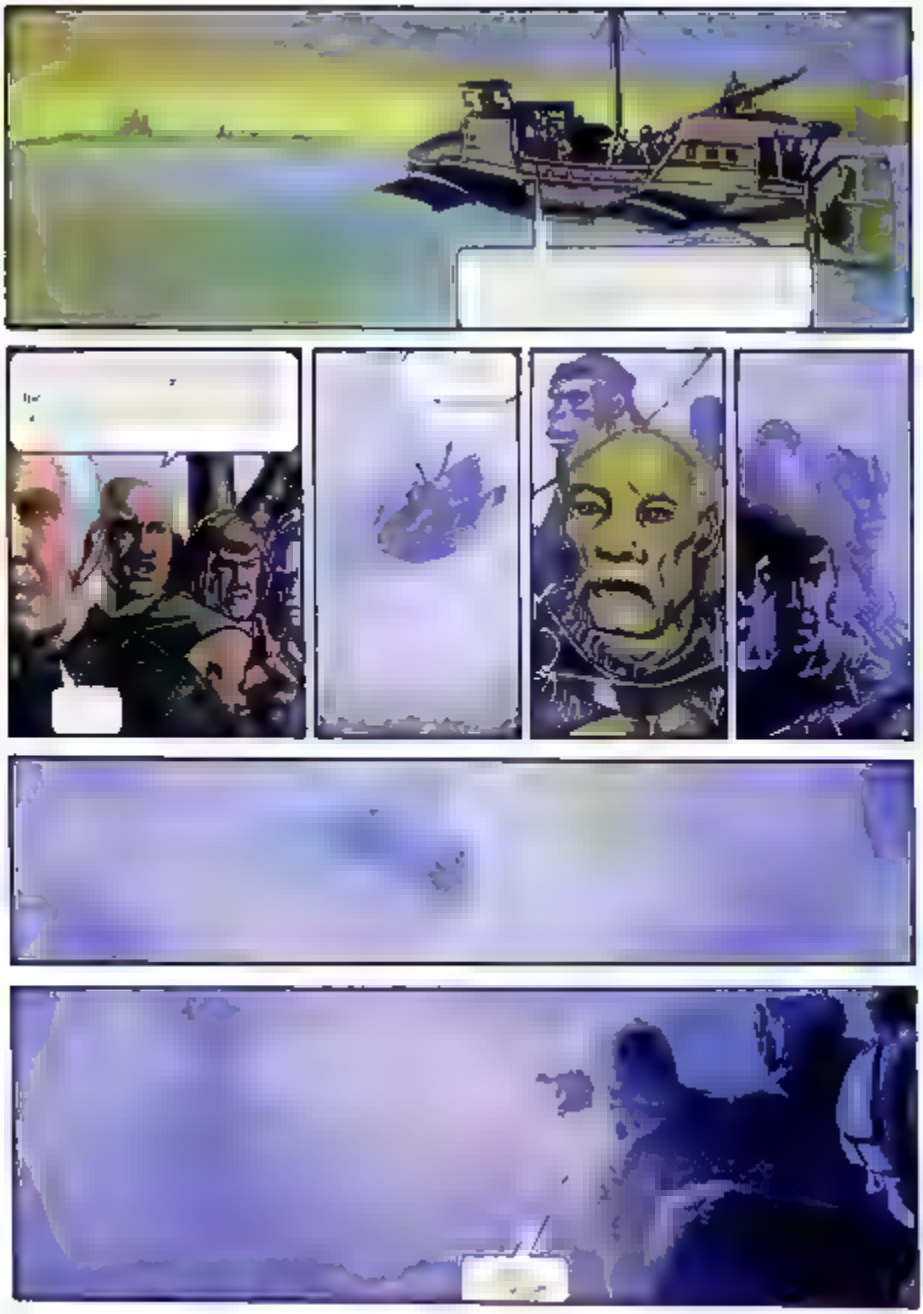
B.J. BUTTERFLY

B.J. BUTTERFLY IS A NINE-INCH-TALL SPRITE FROM "ANOTHER PLACE." SHE VISITS EARTH WHENEVER THERE'S A GOOD MOVIE ON TELEVISION. HER BEST FRIEND IS FUZZY THE CAT, A FELINE WITH A FONDNESS FOR JOHN FORD FILMS AND THE MUSIC OF THE McGUIRE SISTERS.

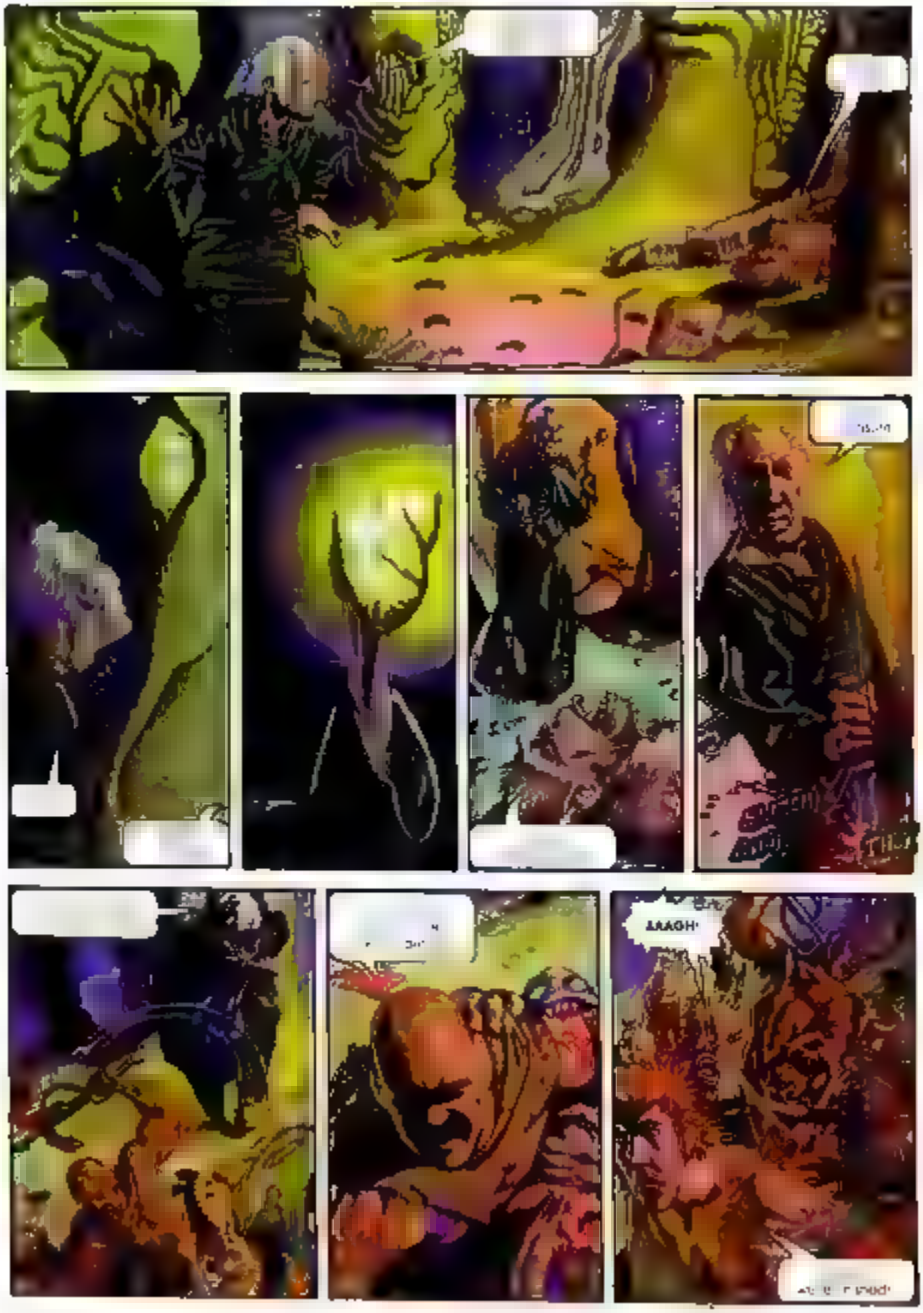
AH, FUZZY, MY FRIEND.
?
I SAW A MOVIE ONCE AT THE THEATER. IT WAS CALLED RED SKY AT MORNING.
IT WAS JUST WONDERFUL! I LOVED IT!
THEN ONE DAY I FOUND OUT THAT IT WAS GOING TO BE SHOWN ON NETWORK TELEVISION. GREAT HUH FUZZY?
I GOT ALL MY FRIENDS TOGETHER AND MADE THEM WATCH IT!
OH, I KNEW THERE'D BE CUTS. THE NUDITY AND THE CUSSING WOULD GO OUT THE WINDOW! BUT DO YOU KNOW WHAT THOSE TV NETWORK JERKS DID TO THAT NICE LITTLE MOVIE? HUH?
THEY THEN ADDED NARRATION.
AARGH!
HEARD ANY GOOD SONGS LATELY?

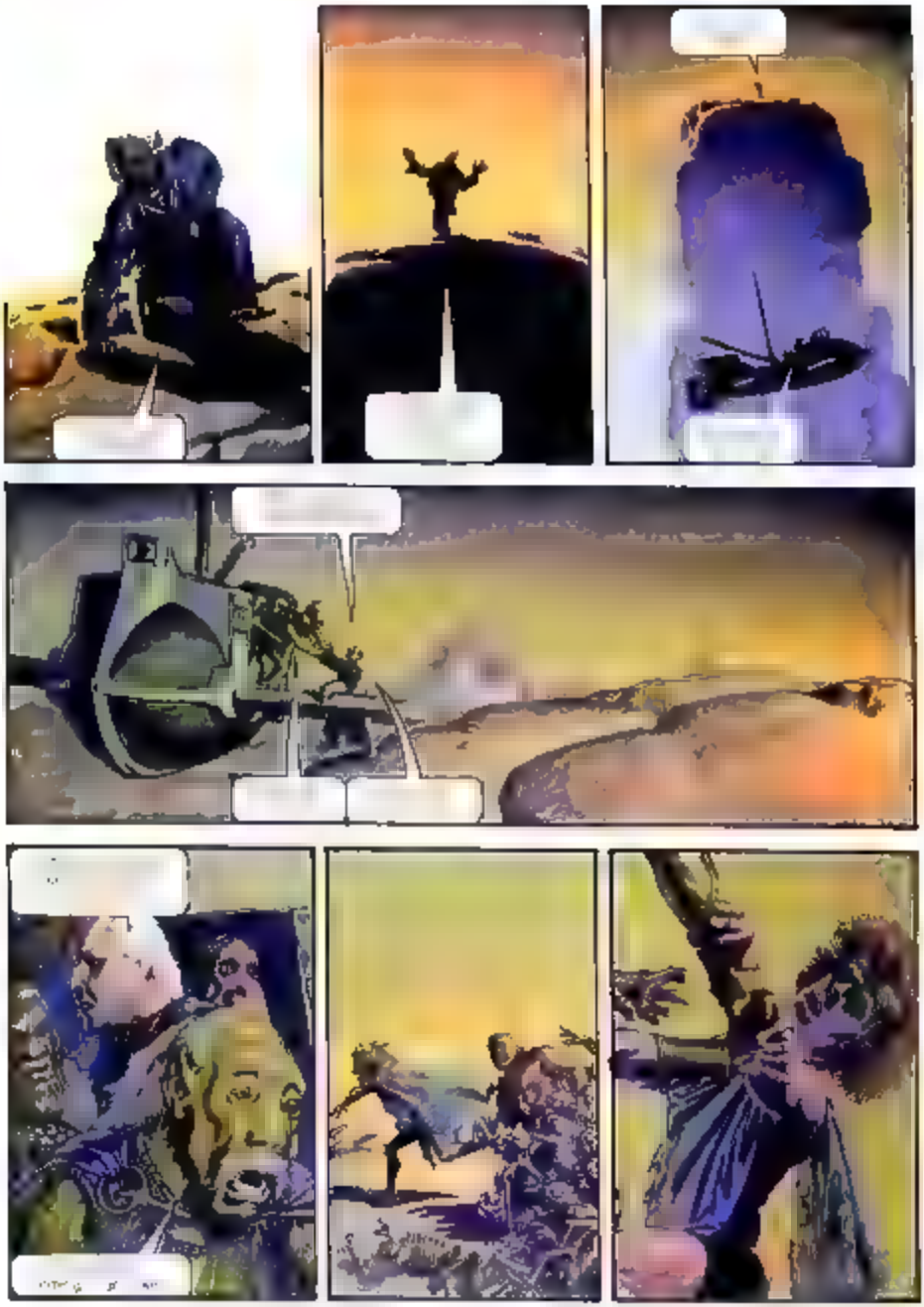
©'98 JOHN HORSMAN

DEN II



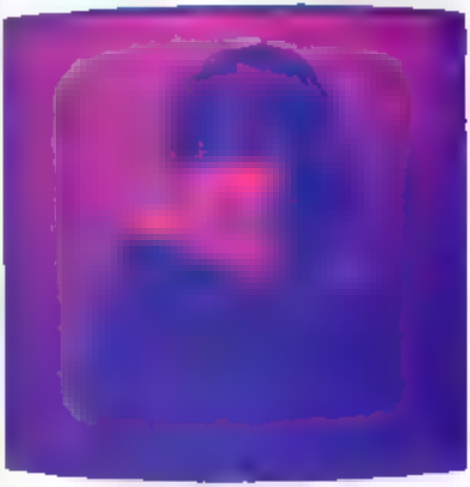
DYNAMITE!
SSCCRREEEEAAAHH!
BAM!
BLAM
SSKKRRROOOUUGH!
POW
BLAM


AAAGH!



DEM DEM JUMP!
AAAAAAAH

NEW MUSICS



Lydia Lunch

One disease rock music has yet to shake off the cardboard tinging Ticker Tape parade syndrome. The tradition has improved but while women artists have scooped much of the contagion from the artists they still haven't achieved the separate but equal status due them as ___mal of a matter. Back in the dark Ages choices were restricted to either sit-and-sing mannequins or to posing, dramatic scowl-drive up dolls. There are now other alternatives but as the demand for the adolescent male imitative remains unchanged there will continue to be current built on the mad-misguided emotionality of the age of seduction.

Pat Benatar, Tina Turner, Joan Jett, Tom Tom Club, Chrissie Hynde, Grace Jones and Chaka Khan are all women who have successfully made the transition from the role of sex object to that of sex subject. Each has developed a persona that is independent of male control and each has managed to maintain a sense of humor about herself and her work. Madonna, Cyndi Lauper, Debbie Harry and Stevie Nicks, on the other hand, have all succumbed to the pressures of the star system and have become parodies of their former selves. Their music has suffered accordingly.

Of the latter group, Debbie Harry, Stevie Nicks and Madonna, Harry is the only one who has managed to maintain a sense of humor about herself and her work. Madonna, Cyndi Lauper and Stevie Nicks have all succumbed to the pressures of the star system and have become parodies of their former selves. Their music has suffered accordingly.

Of the latter group, Debbie Harry, Stevie Nicks and Madonna, Harry is the only one who has managed to maintain a sense of humor about herself and her work.

Lydia Lunch

Lydia Lunch

Lydia Lunch

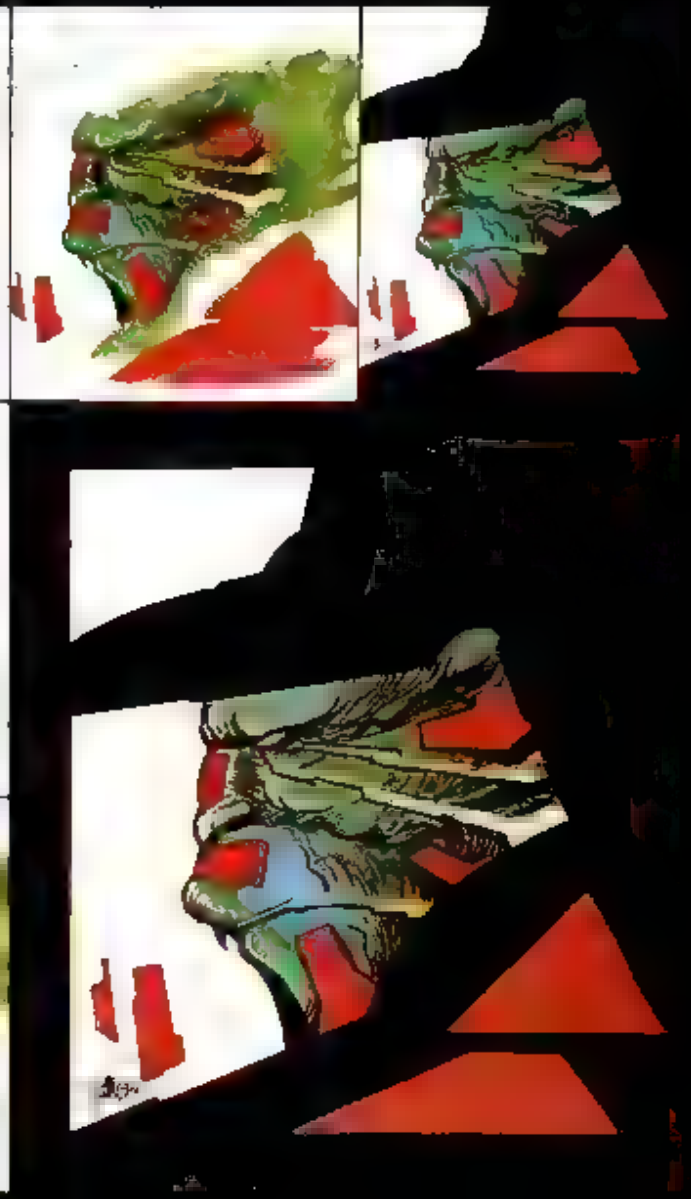
Animatus Incredibilis

Animal Farm

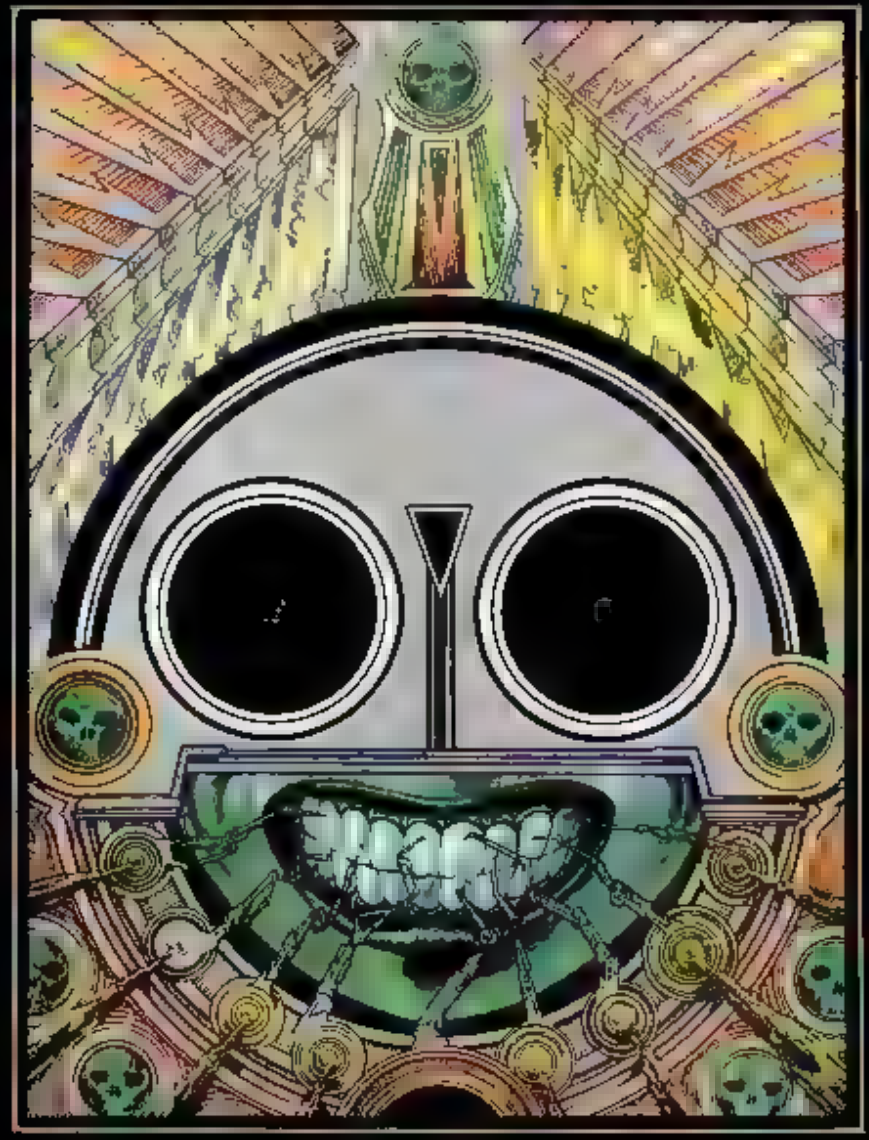
The [illegible] are dropping [illegible] the era [illegible] the Hottest gun. This paranoid [illegible] to [illegible] when [illegible] unpleasants [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE ART OF PHILIPPE DRUILLET

Salammbô



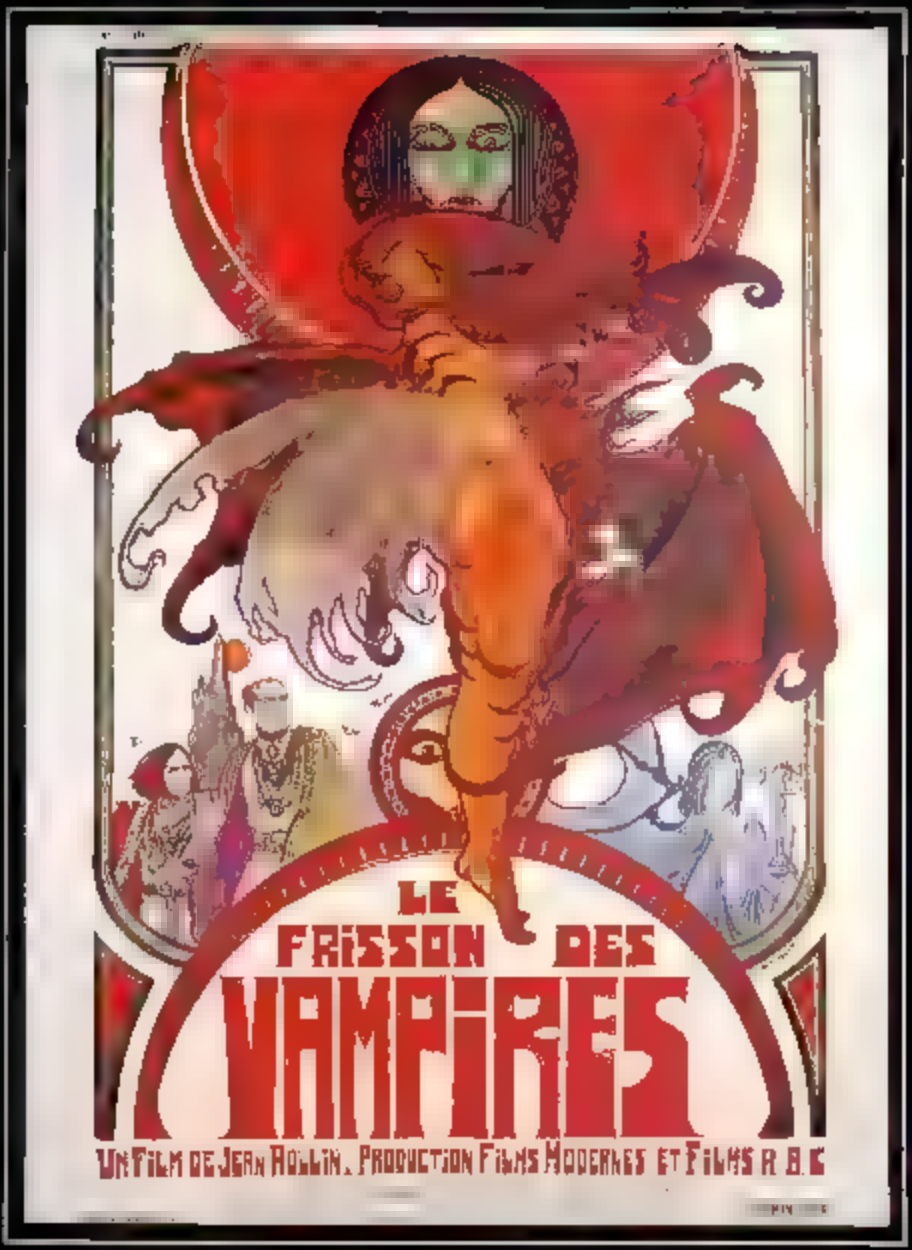
A Prometheus album cover sketch, 1979.



Snow Things cover for French album *Heretic*. Oils and gouache on cardboard, 1996.

A Thought for the Future; inks and gouache on cardboard. 1972.

Lovecraft Demons and Marvels.



Movie poster: *Le Frisson des Vampires* (The Thrill of Vampires), for the French film director Jean Rollin.

Jimi Hendrix: used as a cover for the book *Rock and Folk*, 1975.
Also used on the cover of Hendrix's *Electric Ladyland* album.
Both published in France.

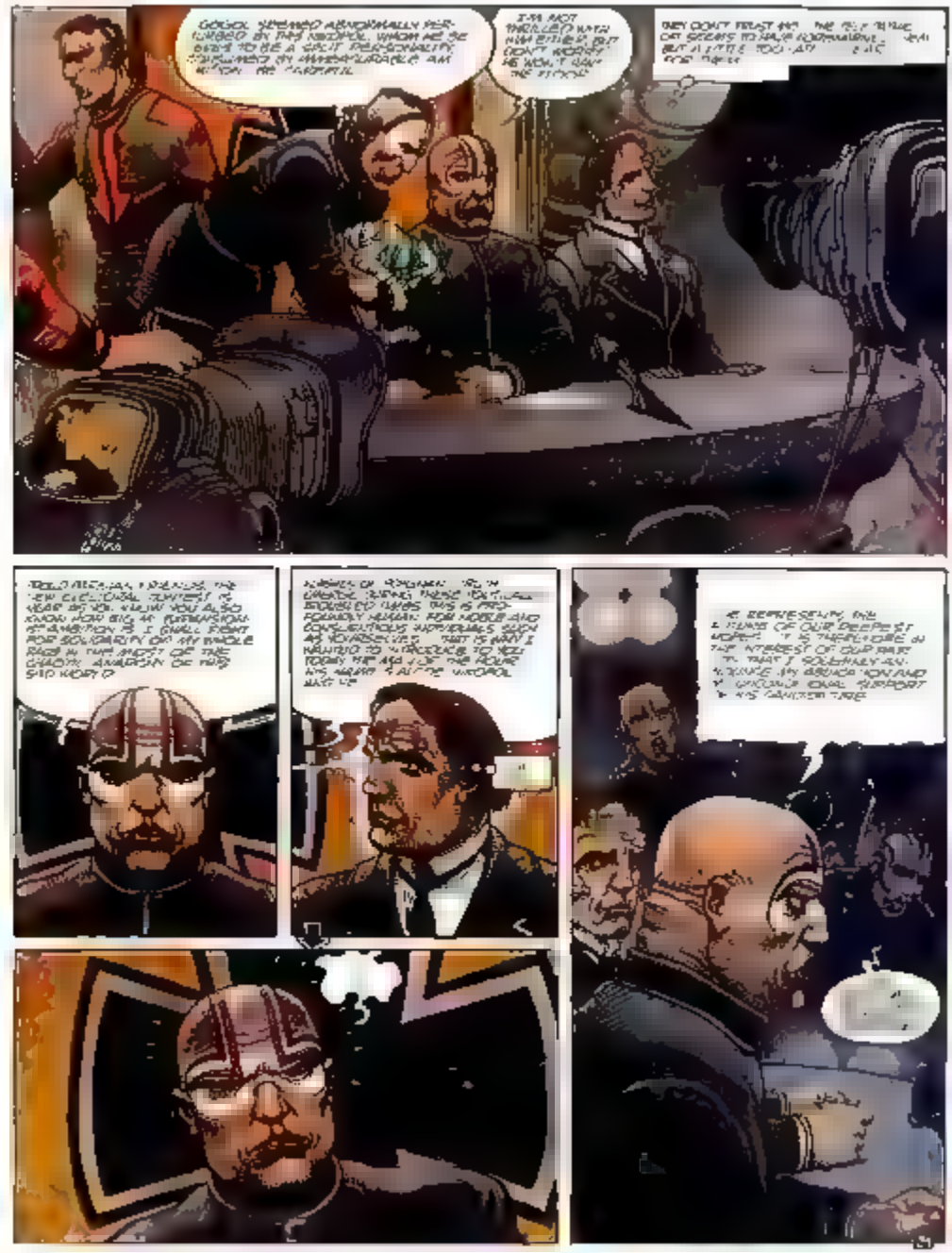
Salammbô, cover for *Pilote* book of the same name, 1981.

The Warrior, oils on canvas, 1988 and 1989. Unpublished.

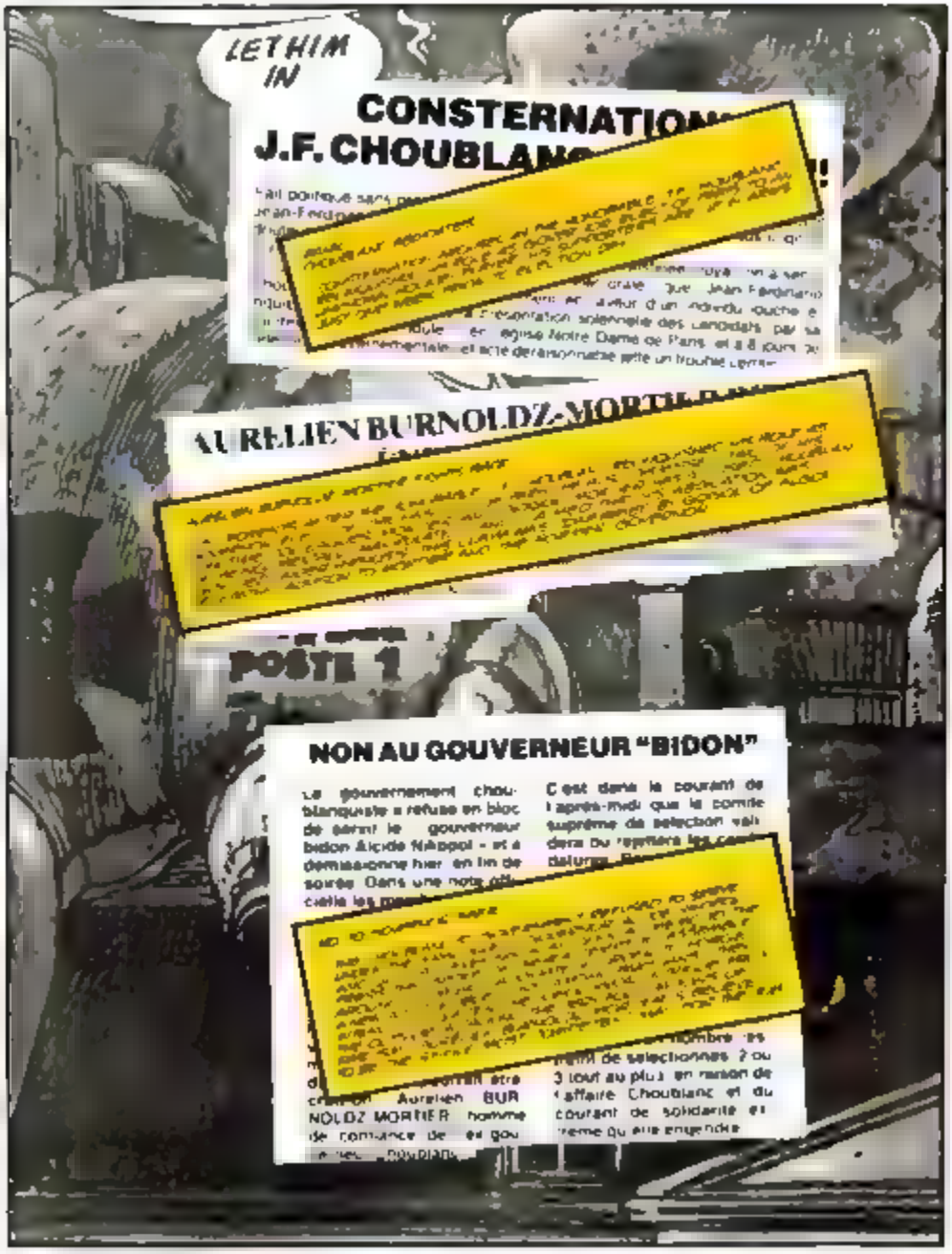
Mutoid artist; gouache on cardboard. 1978.

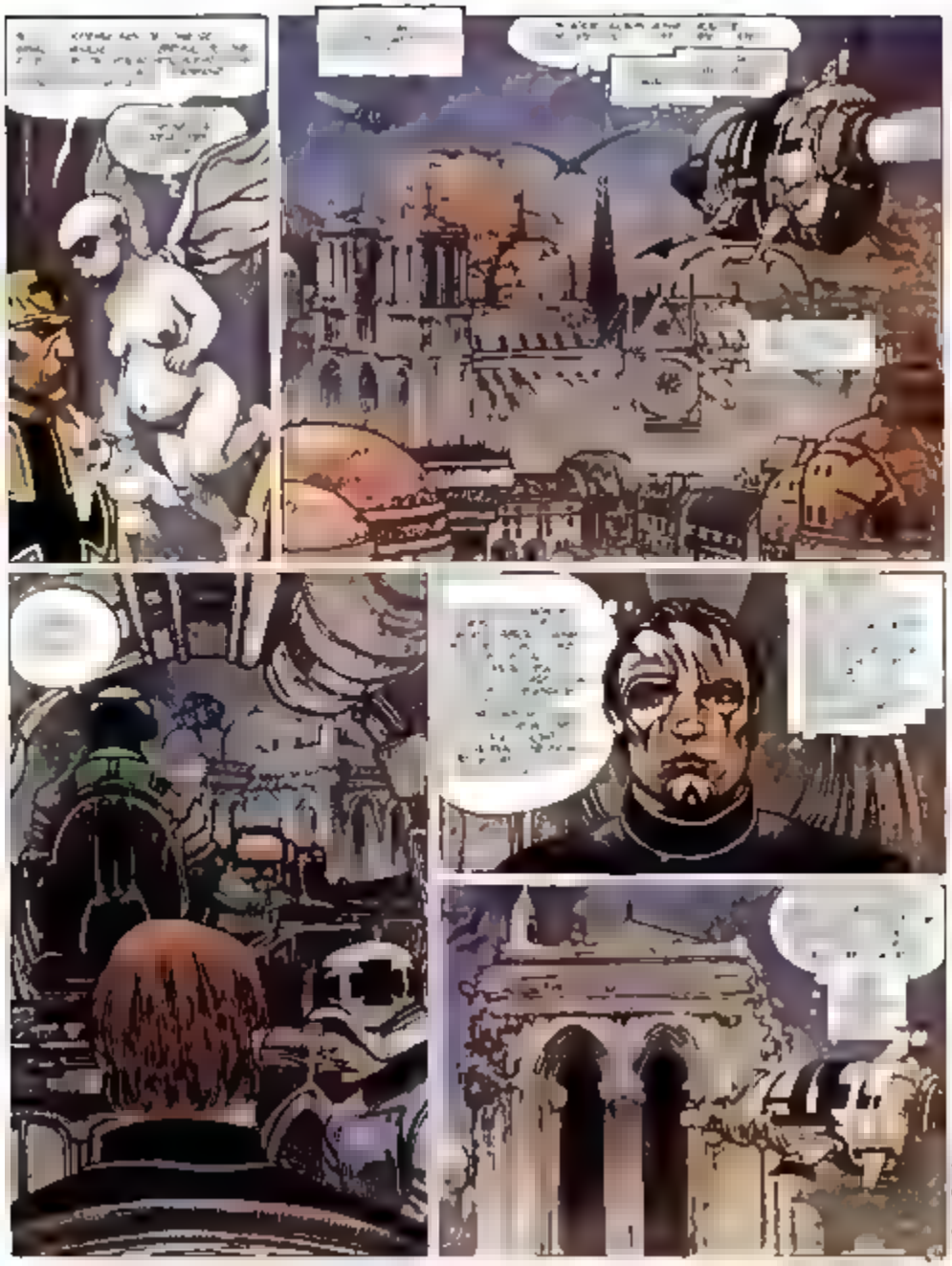
THE IMMORTALS' FETE

In the safety of their quarters, Khan and Numspar plan the strategy for their Parisian takeover. Meanwhile, the immortals team of Nebodo's cryogenic twins and become all too curious.


GOOD! HE HAS A NORMALLY PERTURBED BY THE MEDICAL WHOM HE BE BEING TO BE A CULT PERSONALITY SURROUNDED BY MERCENARIES AM I TOO, BE CAREFUL
I'M NOT WORRIED WITH HIM EITHER, BUT I DON'T KNOW! HE WON'T LEAVE THE PITCH!
THEY DON'T TRUST HIM. HE SEEMS TO HAVE ROOMMATE... BUT A LITTLE TOO AT ... FOR THEM
HELLO MILITARY PERSONNEL OF THE NEW GLOBAL EMPIRE! AS YOUR LEADER HE WILL YOU ALSO KNOW HOW BIG AN EMBARRASSMENT AMBITION IS. I SHALL FIGHT FOR SOLOMON ON MY WHOLE RACE IN THE MIDST OF THE CHAOTIC SITUATION WE NOW SHID WORTH
ALLIANCE OF HUMANITY. FOR WHATEVER REMAINS FROM THE SOLOMON EMPIRE. THESE FORTUNES BELONG TO LORDS. THIS IS PRO-FORMALLY HUMAN. FOR NOBLE AND CONSIDERATIONS HUMANITY SUCH AS YOURSELVES. THAT IS WHAT I WANTED TO ACCEDE TO YET TODAY WE ARE ONE OF THE FOUR WE WERE A AUTHORITY WAS UP
AS REPRESENTATIVE OF THE LIONS OF OUR DEEPEST REGRET IT IS THEREFORE IN THE INTEREST OF OUR PART TO THAT I SOLEMNLY ANNOUNCE MY BRIGADE MOVING I WITHDRAW FINAL SUPPORT TO HIS CAMPAIGN HERE
24

GOVERNOR: DO YOU RESILIGE
SILENCE! I AM ABDICATING!
AAAAAHHH
GOGOL!
ATP


LET HIM IN
CONSTERNATION
J.F. CHOUBLANC
AURELIEN BURNOLDZ-MORTIER
POSTE 1
NON AU GOUVERNEUR "BIDON"



Spain vs. Bea: Censorship Is the Reality

by Brad Ballou

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Illustrations by Mike Ploog, Richard Corben

Jewish specialist. Angelou's "exclusive" of the anti-Semitism libel that the Jews suggested which "seemed to [illegible]"

Timerman adds: "Even the most sophisticated living tends to necessarily to formulate a certain coherence around his irrationality in order to be able to maintain its continuity [illegible]. Maybe that explains how the fascists within Spain [illegible] in Spain any other [illegible] deal with any crime because the judiciary [illegible] organized according to the [illegible] says Ibid. There are no judges specifically assigned to the press, and therefore any judge [illegible] brings his own criteria. There is no such thing as a [illegible] judges handle verdicts and sentencing."

The part of his [illegible] was public scandal, but as reality. Bean answers: speak for themselves:

Do you think of yourself as political?

Yes. Politics of commitment as implied in all works of art

What are your political sympathies?

I've never sympathized with the Right. However moderate it may be appears it always comes out sleeping like a snowdrift

Is your work social criticism?

I'm definitely opposed to reality, a place where I feel uncomfortable and by means of the imagination, my favorite vice, I try to escape it

Is it natural for an artist to be treated as sacred?

Yes. Especially in this period of political [illegible]

Have people come to you and asked you to change your work?

I've had a letter

How have your friends and acquaintances reacted?

By looking at me very seriously and asking "What [illegible] unspeakable terrorism have you committed?"

And that's what makes this whole epic scary—much more of a horror story than any tale from *Tales of the Galactic Fair*. Anything subversive can be suspect. Anyone with complex or ambiguous intentions can become questionable. It's particularly ironic, as a country reborn with cheap pulp, soft-core porn magazines. More than ironic, it should frighten. Hey, my final makes Kafka's *Metamorphosis* look like a Disney cartoon. Anyhow, the whole life's been pretty surrealistic.

No doubt it is more so now. When Bean was asked these questions long-distance from New York to Spain, he made it clear he wanted to write the answers rather than respond by phone. Then it dawned on me—the phone could be tapped. "These questions are dangerous," he said. "Is the phone bugged?" asked. "Probably," he replied and added, almost with a verbal shrug, "It's all the same to me." He wrote us his responses. I hope my answers have been sufficiently educational. For personal reasons he couldn't be more explicit.

We are hardly immune to such fear here in the United States. The '50s red scare led to all forms of political suppression and moral censorship, some disguised, some not. Dr. Fredric Wertham published his infamous tract, *The Seduction of the Innocent*, under the guise of legitimate psychological analysis. In it he condemned comic books for sexually seducing youth with lewd illustrations and sadistically motivated stories. Apart from his shoddy methods of analysis (he suggested hair drawings of cartoon characters' limbs indicated the images of nude women), further studies have not supported his allegations that a direct correlation existed between the purchase of comic books and their subsequent reading. The effects of Wertham's campaign were far-reaching: a whole genre was censored and further relegated to the realm of the juvenile; no adult themes could be approached. Ironically, he himself was enamored by these targets. He was astounded by E.C.'s view of the moral politically liberal inside the E.C. books. racism, bigotry and mindless, killing greed were in fact attacked. Where is the boundary between the political and the cultural?

Certainly enough persons in America today—such as the members of the Moral Majority and the crusaders for Better Television—investigate that same issue at work. Like their fascist predecessors, they correctly understand the relationship between morality, culture and politics—they are attempting to control who defines the relationship. This approach is not particular to the Right. The Women against Pornography are just as willing to employ moral control to further their own supposedly legitimate ends.

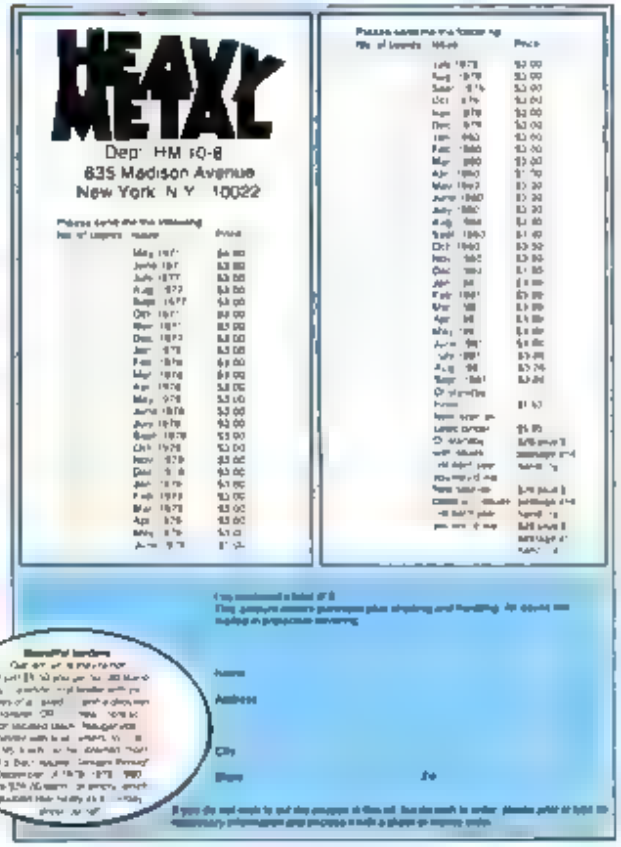
The ultimate social evidence is an act that tries to harness the freedom of one's own judgment. A television set can be turned off, and a movie or magazine doesn't have to be looked at. The arbiters of public morality know that. But they misuse the power. To paraphrase Thomas Pynchon, in *Gravity's Rainbow*, get them asking the wrong questions and they won't be getting the right answers.

DOMESTIC UNIT 3M

YAN

CLICK!

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



OUTLAND

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

STERANKO

SOMEONE WAS BEAR VALID BECAUSE O'NEIL CAME TOO CLOSE TO DISCOVERING THE TRUTH. THE LAWMAN LOOKED AT THE NOTE. HIS DEPUTY HAD GIVEN HIM IT WAS SIMPLE. "4000 LOCUST-GEK MINE"
LIKE TWIN TWO MULTIPS AFTER HE SHOWED THE MUCH PRESSURE, THE POWER STRUCK. BEFORE O'NEIL COULD EXAMINE THE LONG ROWS OF BEER, LOOKING FOR THOSE WHICH HAD BEEN SHUTTLED IN MOST RECENTLY, A CARROTTE SLIPPED AROUND HIS NECK. THE MARSHAL TWISTED SIDEWARD, ENOUGH TO SNATCH A GLIMPSE OF VARO, BEFORE THE BIG DOOR-WORKER SLAMMED HIS KNEE INTO O'NEIL'S BACK, LOFTING HIM OFF THE FLOOR. THE LAWMAN'S FINGERS CLAWED HOPELESSLY AT THE WIRE AS IT TIGHTENED, RELENTLESSLY CUTTING OFF HIS AIR. HE TRIED MANUALLY HIS ATTACKER, BUT THE MAN WAS TOO STRONG. A VARIAL WHISPER SOUND SMOKE FROM O'NEIL'S THROAT AS HE RECALLED MONTGOMERY'S NOTE. EITHER THE DEPUTY HAD BECKONED TO AND O'NEIL WITH UNKNOWN OR HEARD HIM INTO A DEATH TRAP. NOW, IT WAS TOO LATE TO FIND OUT.
TEMPERATURE IS
MONITORED AT ALL
THE LAWMAN WENT LIMP AND SLUMPED HEAVILY TO THE PRISON FLOOR...
VARO RELEASED THE FIGURE AND IMMEDIATELY STOOD UP. O'NEIL DID NOT MOVE...
THE DOOR-WORKER PAUSED TO INSPECT A THICK SLAB OF WIRE THAT HUNG NEARBY...
SATISFIED THAT HE HAD NOT BEEN TRAPPED, VARO HE TURNED TO LEAVE THE PRISON ROOM.
AND WAS STUNNED SENSELESS AS SOMETHING HARD SLAMMED INTO HIM FROM BEHIND!
ANOTHER BONE-SHATTERING, LETHAL BLOW TOMAHAWKED AND SWIFTLY PULVERIZED THE JOB.
O'NEIL REMOVED THE HEAVY PROTECTIVE PLASTIC COLLAR FROM AROUND HIS NECK...
AND SET OUT TO CONFRONT THE SAMMAL TASK FROM WHO MURDER COULD HAVE HIS LIFE

TUESDAY 9:35 PM
THE OFFICE OF GENERAL MANAGER MARK B. SHEPPARD, ONE OF THE MALLS MAIN BRAIN COMPUTERS AND A LARGE PROJECTION SCREEN. A COMPUTER REGISTERED THE FORCE OF THE BALL AS THE PLAYER DID NOT LOOK UP AS CHANG ENTERED
YOU KNOW... CAN I GET A SEVEN IRON, THE HUNDRED YARDS I'M YOURSELF & DRINK! TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT, DAVE. HOW MUCH? WHAT DOES A GODDAMN HERO COST? I THINK I'M ENTITLED A BREAK TO THE LEFT KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DEALING WITH
LOOKIN' HOPES ME TO DIG AS MUCH DIRT OUT OF THIS HELLHOLE AS POSSIBLE! AN OCCIE IS GOOD AND MY HOOKERS ARE CLEAN THE MINERS ARE PAID A BONUS FOR DIGGING MORE ORE, THEY'RE HAPPY. THE COMPANY'S HAPPY. THEN I'M HAPPY! OKAY?
IT WORKS. THAT'S ENOUGH! THERE'S ONE OF ME ON EVERY MINING OPERATION IN THE GALAXY. EVERY MARSHAL KNOWS THE SCORES SO DO YOU! IF YOU'RE SUCH A DAMN SUPERCOP WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON LV-3? READ YOUR RECORD!
THEN I SEND YOU FROM ONE ZONE TO THE NEXT BECAUSE OF YOUR BIG MOUTH! WELL I'M GONNA MAKE MINE AND GET THE HELL OUT! NOW GO HOME AND POLISH YOUR BADGE YOU'RE DEALING WITH LARCHMONT! YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE
GUESS SO, MARK! HEARD ABOUT THE MEAT LOCKER? I FOUND TWO HUNDRED FIFTY POUNDS OF HAMBURGER MARKED "ARGO." AND YOUR DRUG SHIPMENT! THROW THE HAMBURGER IN JAIL AND THE RIDE IN THE TOILET. MAYBE IT WAS THE OTHER WAY AROUND. S FORGE
YOU, A MARSHAL? I THINK MAYBE I'VE WAS JUDGED YOU! YOU'RE NOT STUPID. YOU'RE CRAZY!
I FOUND OVER A HUNDRED VIALS OF THAT STUFF. THAT'S A LOT OF LAWYERS YOU AND THE COMPANY WON'T HAVE
DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU'VE CAUSED MORE THAN A MERE INCONVENIENCE? BELIEVE IT. WHAT YOU GOT'S NOTHING
S... WHOEVER SENT THE STUFF TO YOU IS GOING TO BE VERY MAD YOU LOST IT. LARCHMONT WAS NO SENSE OF HUMOR
CHRIST... WE MUCH STUFF COULD BUY A DOZEN MARSHALS FOR LIFE. VE S WANT YOU ALL. JUST WHAT ARE YOU AFTER?
JUST LIKE DAVE SHEPPARD YOU TAKE MY ADVICE. DON'T OVERDO IT. SWING EASY! THE GAME IS ALMOST OVER
YOU'RE THROUGH, O MAN. YOU'RE FINISHED, UNDERSTAND? DEAD, MARSHAL! YOU HEAR ME? YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!
S HERE YOU!

WEDNESDAY, 0:28 A.M.
CRAIG WEST DID NOT SEE HIS WAY TO TRAVEL AMONG THE MOST DISASTER-CONSCIOUS OF CON-AM 27 AS HE DISEMBARKED INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE MARAG OPERATION THE COLONY'S ELECTRICAL BAY, A VAST SUBTERRANEAN JUMBLE OF LIVING WIRES AND MACHINES THAT AUTOMATICALLY REPAIRED THEMSELVES. AN ELITE PAINTING TEAM MOVED ALONG THE MASSIVE POWER CABLES RED BY GIANT SOLAR-ENERGY PLATES ON THE SPACE STATION'S SURFACE. A GALAXY OF FIBER OPTICS AND PANEL LIGHTS SHOWED STRANGELY FROM THE METAL AND PLASTIC ALLOY WALLS, ILLUMINATING THE NIGHTMARISH CAVERNS LIKE A SCENE FROM DANTE'S INFERNO.
THE LAWMAN CREPT ALONG THE TANGLED MESS OF COMMUNICATION LINES, INTERFACES, AND COMPUTER LINK-UPS, READING THEM ON A MAP UNTIL HE FOUND A SMALL GRAY CODE BOX DESIGNATED ADMINISTRATION. MOMENTS LATER, HE CAREFULLY CONNECTED A MINIATURE MONITOR, USING STRONG ALLIGATOR CLIPS, TO THE UNIVERSAL MEMORY UNIT, AND SPLICED WIRE SECTIONS TO BYPASS ALL INTERNAL SECURITY BRANCHES.
THE TWO BOX RESPONDED WITH THE BARK OF A KEERBY.
1. COMMUNICATIONS
2. INTER-OFFICE
3. VOYAGE ENTRANCE TO CON-AM SPACE STATION
WITHIN AN HOUR, HE HAD THE FINAL EVIDENCE HE SOUGHT TO PROVE THE CORRUPT LINKAGE OF LOMBARDO, O'NEIL, AND THE DEPUTY BUTCH ADAMS.
BELLOWS, THIS IS SHEPPARD! WE'VE HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE DOWN HERE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, I HOPE YOUR HELP!
WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON? YOU'RE SCARING PEOPLE! WHO SHOULDN'T BE UPSET! I CAN'T SAY I BLAME THEM!
TELL THEM CAN DAZ CARE OF EVERYTHING! SEND ME A COUPLE OF YOUR BEST MEN! I'LL BE STRAIGHTENED OUT QUICK!
IF THE COMPANY GETS WIND OF THIS, I'LL MEAN TROUBLE! HER FIRE WILL BLANKET US! WHERE CAN THEY PUT US A LITTLE WHILE?
DON'T WORRY THERE'S ONLY ONE PROBLEM, AND YOU'RE LOOKING AT IT! I'LL BE COMING DOWN FOR YOU!
NOW ABOVE THE NEXT SHUTTLE? BUT I'M WARNING YOU SHEPPARD! SCREW UP AND THEY'LL BE COMING DOWN FOR YOU!
IT'S IN THE BAG! NOBODY WILL STICK THEIR NECK OUT ONCE THE WORD IS SPREAD! FORGET IT, O'NEIL! IS A DEAD MAN
TO BE CONTINUED
POWER SHAFT
1234
SPACE

THE ART OF HEAVY METAL: THE MOVIE

ANIMATION FOR THE EIGHTIES

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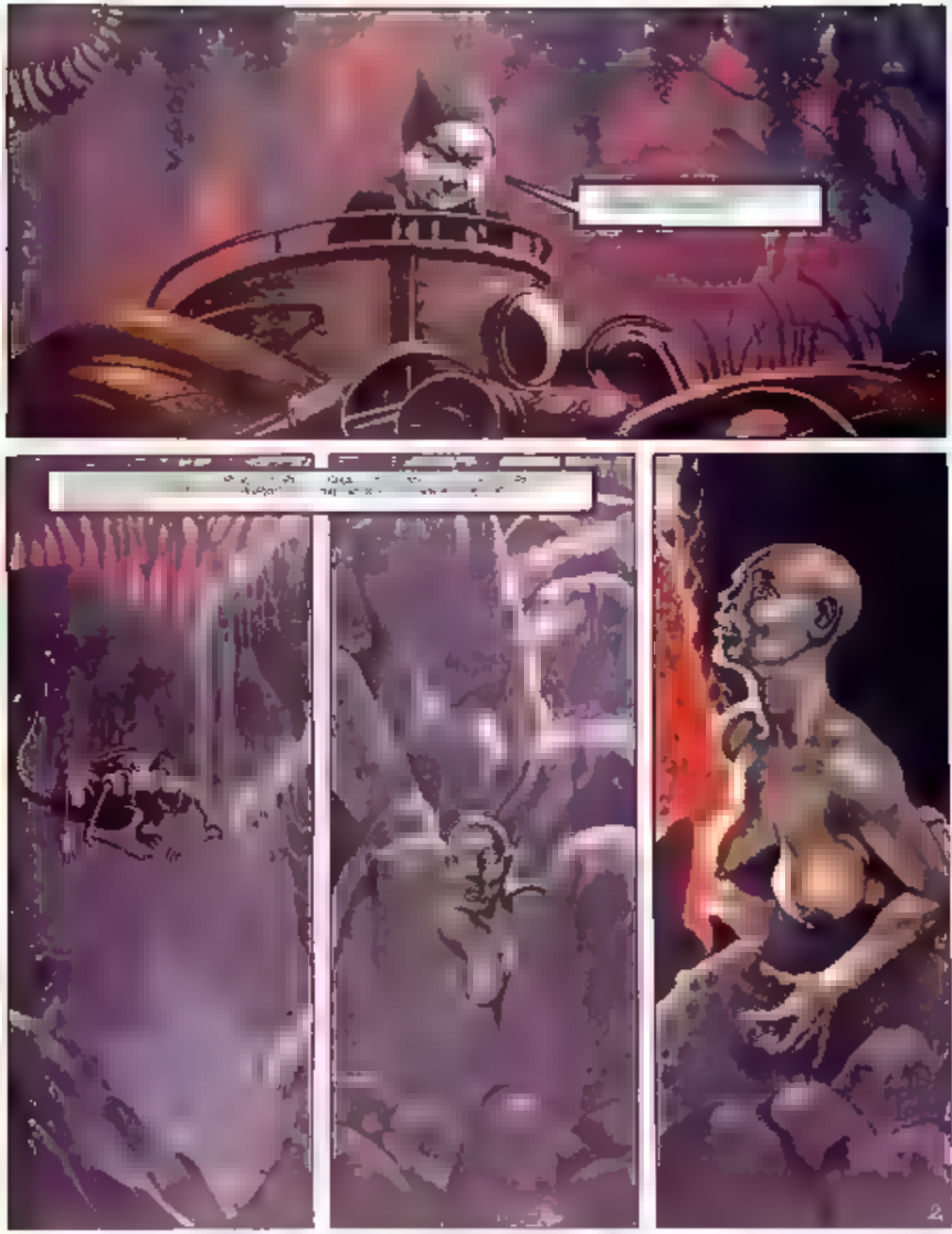
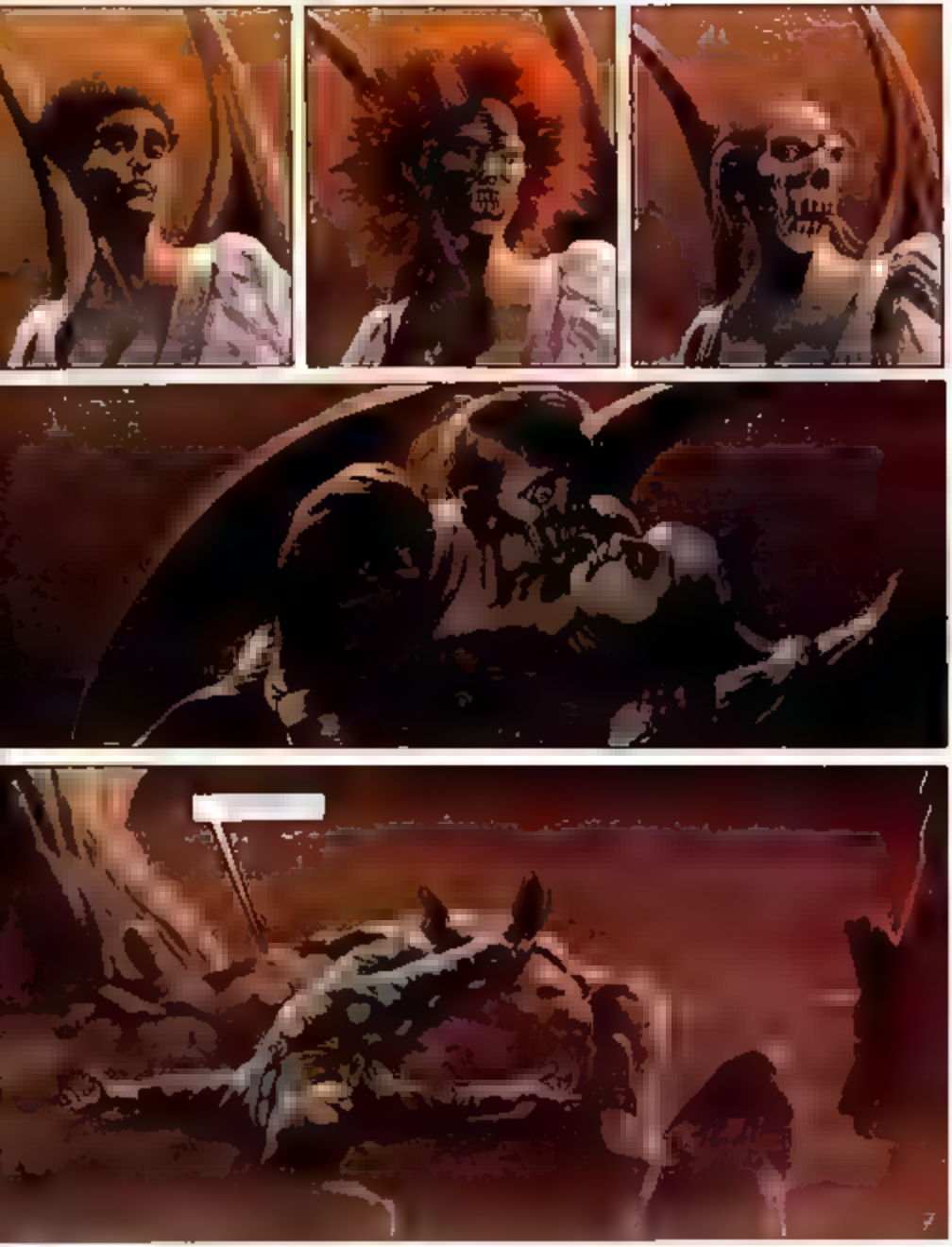
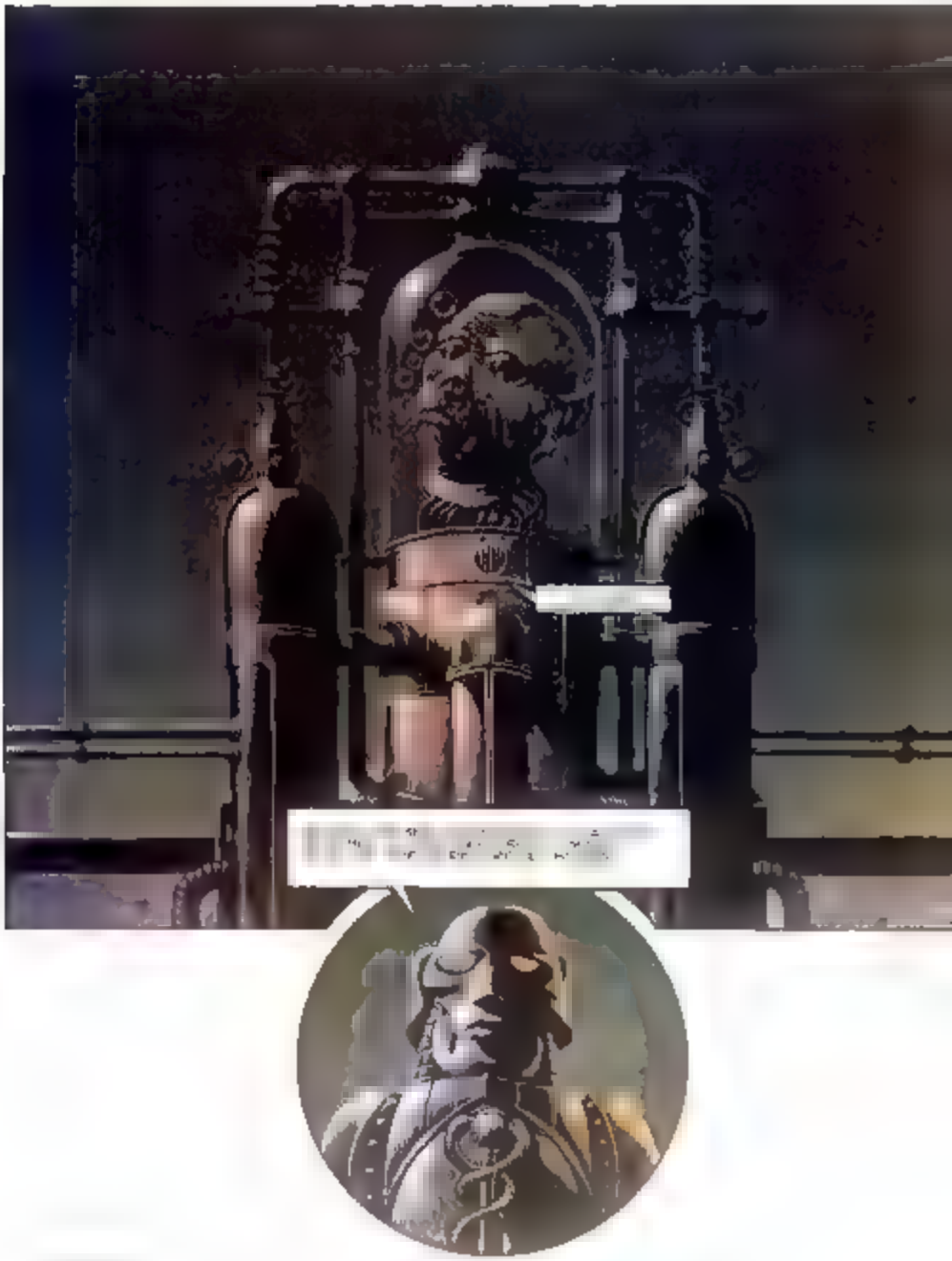
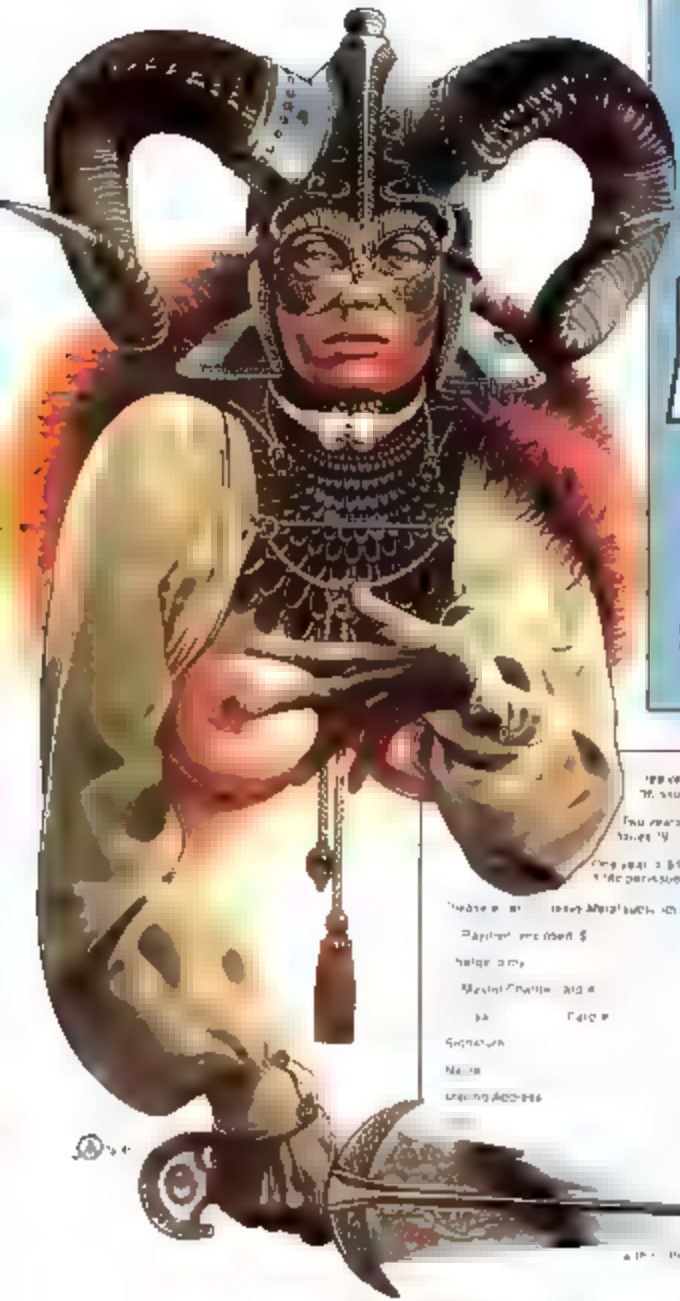
FEVER









She can be found in HEAVY METAL magazine

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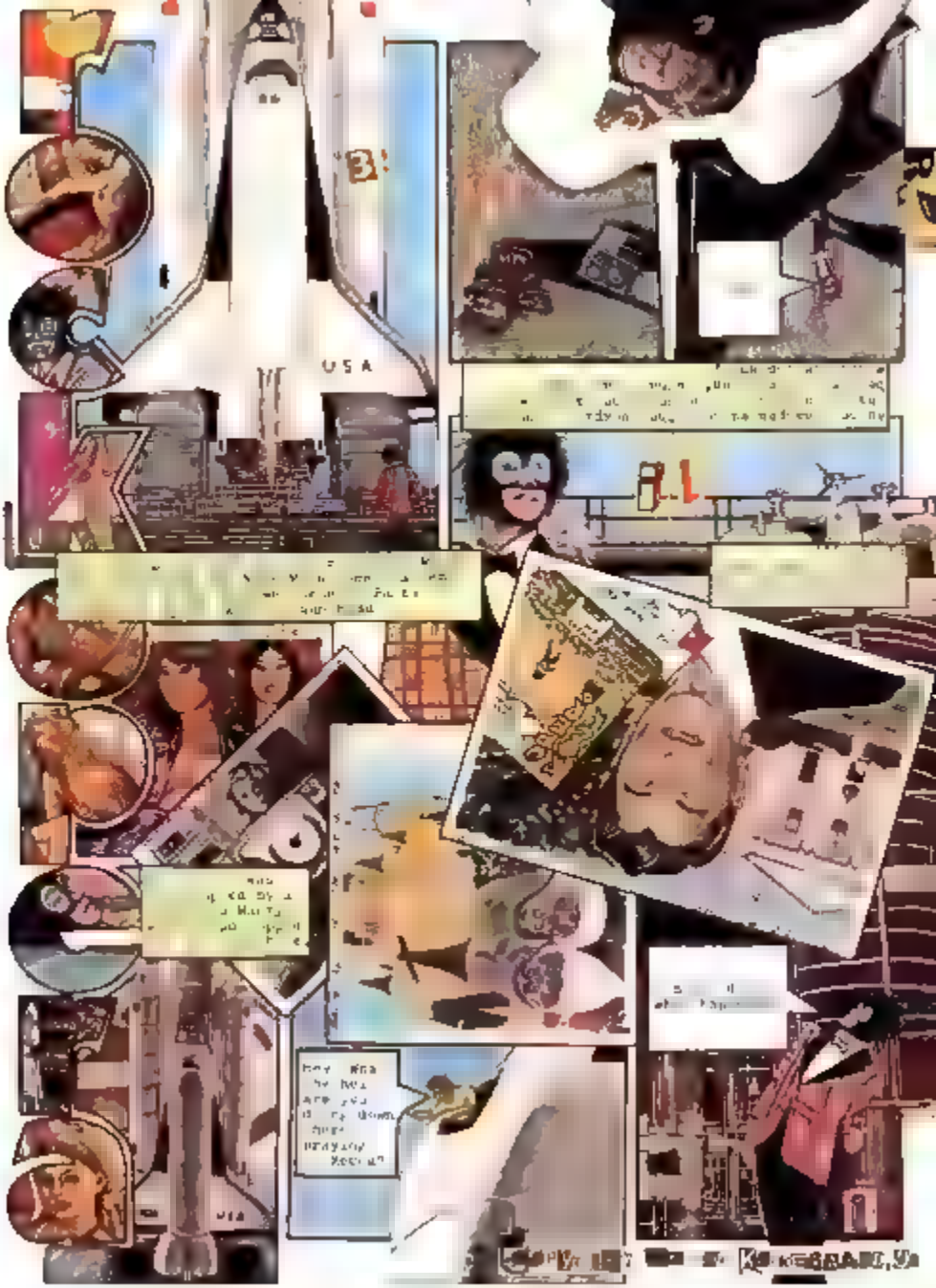
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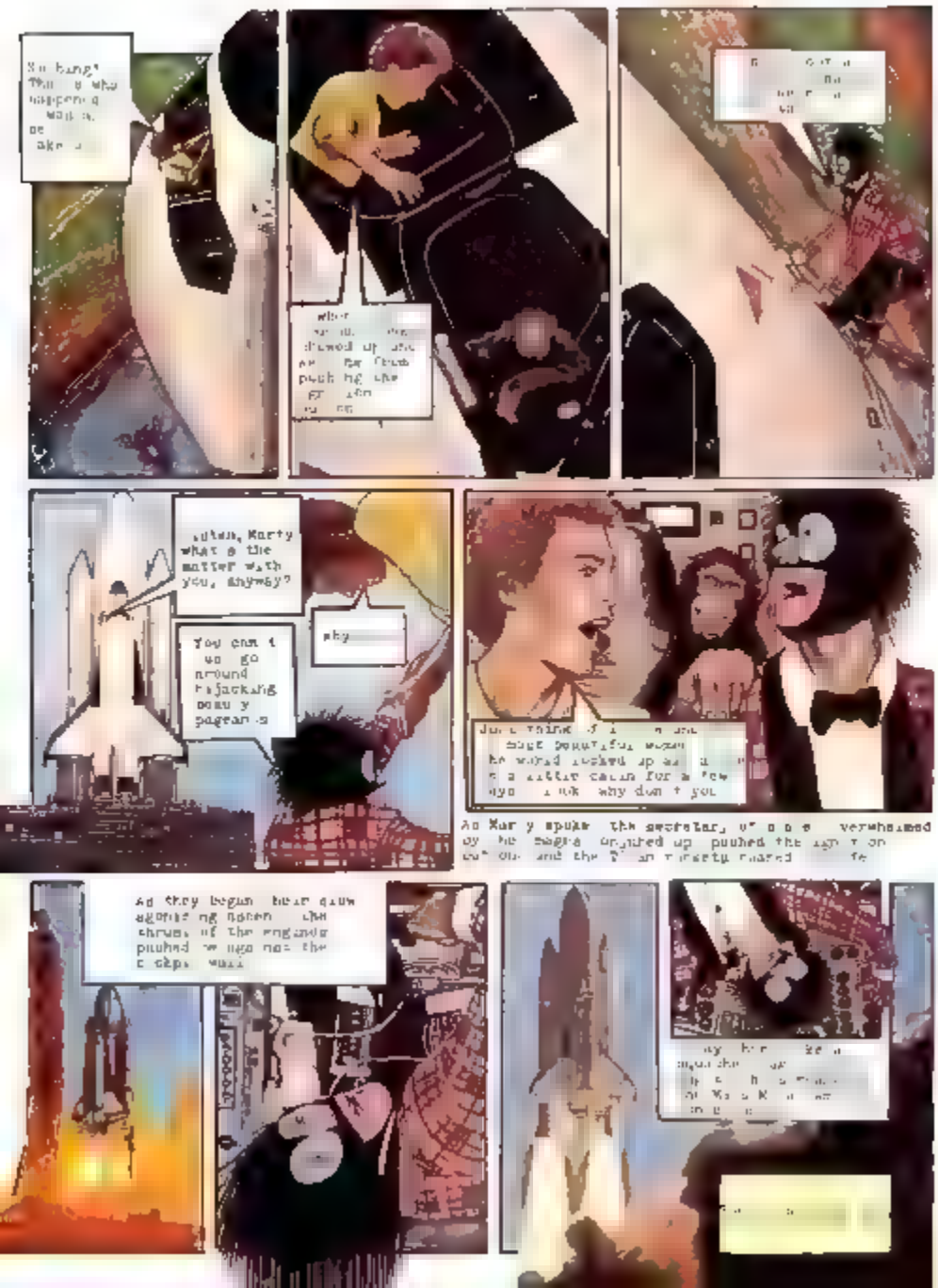
Listen, Marty what's the matter with you, anyway?
why
You can't go around hijacking beauty pageants
Just think of it — a real huge beautiful woman he would locked up as a — a little cabin for a few days — and why don't you
As they began their drive against Women the chorus of the England pushed women into the steps wait

Hey! Keep the chimp away from the steering wheel!
Oh, for Christ's sake--now you're stuck in a spin...
The stars seemed to stretch into luminous strands of thread, while the earth spun around us like a giant marble.
There isn't a hell of a lot you can do. You don't have any fuel.
I'm afraid you're headed out of the solar system--of course you'll all be dead in a few days, anyway.
So what do we do now?
No! I'm sorry--I refuse to deal with this any further! It's ridiculous!
Well, I'm pretty upset, too. That damn spinning looks so stupid...
To be continued.

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©

COMING

In the November issue of *HM* we offer for your reading pleasure **Jeronatun's** (of "Champakou" fame) newest strip, "The Egg of the World." Snappy title, don't you think? It's all about two young Indians who represent their respective tribes in an all-out fight for the sacred "all-powerful egg." Sounds hokey, but actually it's sorta nice. Lots of intrigue, adventure, and lovin', too.

The **Dillons**. A name synonymous with the fantastic, the awesome, the macabre. We shall present, without commercial interruption, a gallery section chock full o' beautiful works from their new book, due out this fall.

We will also sadly bid adieu to our friend "Tex Arcana," who after next month will be taking a short sabbatical.

Seems Meester Arcana has been bitten just once too often and needs a bit of rest. But he'll be back! We hope in time for Valentine's Day, as a matter of fact. Please, Tex! No hickies.

Plus: the conclusion of **Sterankó**'s "Outland" and the continuations of **Corben**'s "Den," **Bilal**'s "The Immortals' Fete," and **Jeff Jones**'s "I'm Age."

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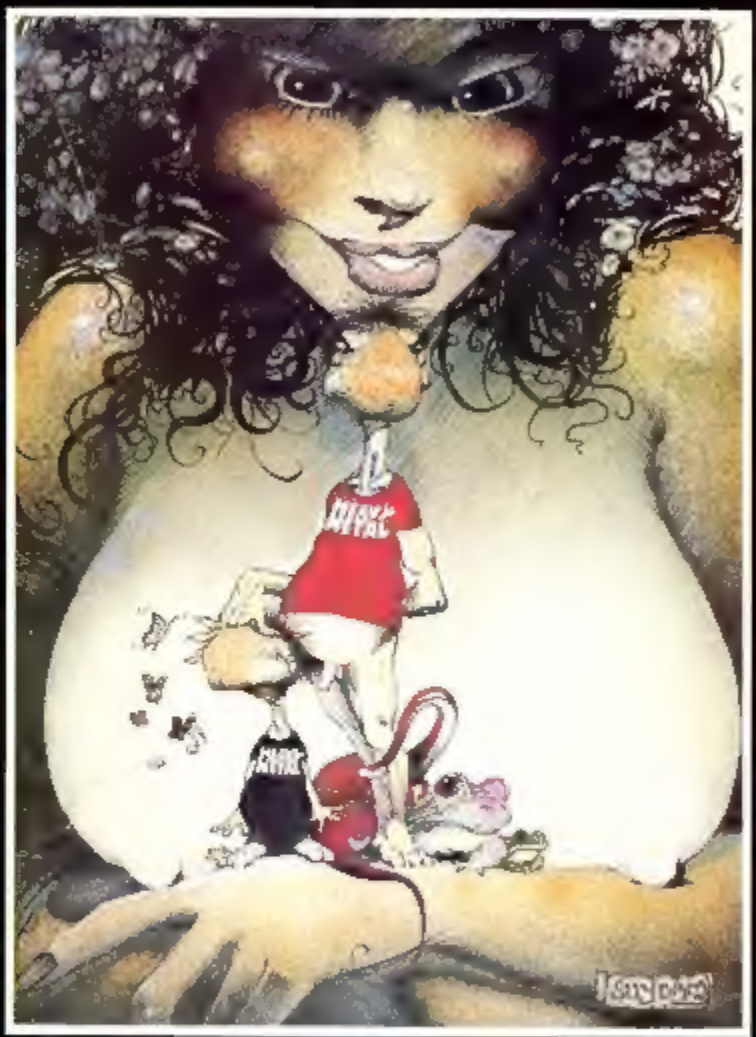

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